SYR BEVIS OF Hampton

LONDON
Printed by C. W. for W. LEE.

THE HISTORIE OF
Beuis of Hampton.

LIsten Lordings and hold you still, of doubtie men tell you I will,
That haue béene in many a stour, & held vp England in great honour,
That before this time hath béene, by a knight it is that I meane,
Sir Beuis of Hampton that knight hight, that neuer was proued a coward
And by his father that hight sir Guy, a valiant knight & full hardy. (in fight
And how sir Guy betrayed was, through his wife it came to passe.
That time was Guy of great renowne, Earle he was of South-hampton,
In Christendome farre and néere, for doubtinesse was not his péere,
Noue was so hardy nor so strong: he loued the right and not the wrong,
While sir Guy was young & light, knowne he was for a doubtie Knight,
In euery land he rode and yéede, for to win him praise and méede,
In France, in Flanders, & in Almaine, in Brabant, in Cicile, and in Brittaine,
In Denmarke, Gallice, and in Gascoyne, in Hungarie, Calabre and Burgon,
In Pole, in Normandy, and Main, in Turky, Mambrant, and in Spaine.
In Eastland, Norway, & in Picardie, in Scotland Wales, and in Lumbardy,
In Christendom & also in heathines, full well is knowne sir Guyes worthi-
In all the lands of Christentie, was none found better then he. (nesse,
While he was yong and ioylife, would sir Guy wed no wife,
But when that he was old, and wared féeble, crooked and cold,
Then tooke he his leaue of Chiualry, and dwelt in England certainely,
In that time King Edgar anone, sent after sir Guy full soone,
For sir Guy was true and wise, and knowne for a Knight of great prise.
He made him high steward of his land, & whatsoeuer he said it should stand
He kept well England in his dayes, and made peace and stabled lawes,
That no man was so hardy, to doe another villany,
Upon a day bethought sir Guy, that he would wed some faire Lady,
To haue betwéene them a child faire, that of his land might be heire,
The King of Scotland in that tide, had a daughter of much pride:
The Emperours brother of Almaine, loued that Lady as men saine.
And so did Guy, he would her haue, and of her father he did her craue.

The King of Scotland ſhortly, gaue his daughter vnto ſir Guy,
Againſt the will of his daughter bright, ſhe had leuer had the other knight,
For he was young and bolde, ſir Guy was now waxen olde.
Alas that euer ſhe her to him choſe, his owne life for to loſe.
Sir Guy wedded that Lady free, and brought her home to his countrée,
So long to bed he her led, that a man childe together they had.
Beuis they called that childe bolde, he was no more then ſeauen yéere old
When that his father he was ſlaine, by ſir Murdure of Almaine.
The Lady bethought her on a day, vnto her ſelfe thus did ſhe ſay,
My Lord is old and may not worch, all the day he bides in the Church,
What for trauailing and what for age, he loueth not with me to rage,
But had I taken a young knight, that had not bin trauiſed in fight,
He would loue me both day and night, & make me all the mirth he might,
Truely it ſhall be thus no while, I ſhall let ſlay him by ſome guile.
After a meſſenger the Lady did ſend, that before had béene her friend,
She ſaid thou ſhalt on my meſſage, thy ſelfe alone without any page,
And if thou kéepe my counſaile, I will quit well thy trauaile.
Madam he ſaid hold you ſtill, for I will doe after your will.
The Lady was then glad and faine, goe thou ſhe ſaid to Almaine,
And gréete well from me ſir Murdure, brother to the Emperour.
And bid him in the firſt day, of the merry month of May,
That here in this Forreſt he be, well armed with his menie,
Bid him that it be not ſpared, but that my Lord be there beheaded,
And ſend it me for a preſent, my Lord ſhall naked to him be ſent,
If he me loue that ſhall I ſée, goe forth and gréete him thus from me,
The meſſenger to the water yéed, alas the winde was all for ſpéede,
Into Almaine he was brought, to the court he went, he forgot it nought,
And asked ſome of one another, till he came to the Emperors brother,
And toke the letter to his hand, the Lord it red as he there ſtand,
Now truely may I well ſée, how that Lady loueth me,
Gladder I am though I it ſay then any tongue tell may,
All her will I meane to doe, gréete her well and ſay to her ſo,
Haue here a ſtéede for thy trauaile, with treaſure charged for thy anaile,
And if it ſtand in maine and might, I my ſelfe will make thée a knight.
The meſſenger thanked him then, and to England he is gon agen.
To Hampton he came all in feare, of his enemies that were there,
And ſaid my Lady God thée ſée, well ſir Murdure gréeteth thée,
Glad he is of thy meſſage, full well he hath quit my voyage,

And

And certainely he will be prest, with a great hoast in your forrest,
Thy Lord to assayle with maine and might, thy loue to win Lady bright.
When the messenger had all said, the Lady held her well apaid,
In the first day of May, the Lady fained her sick and lay.
She made a man her Lord to call, and said an euill did her befall,
The Earle for her had sorrow & thought, and asked her if she would ought,
Sir she said might I it get, of a wilde Boze I faine would eate.
Dame he said and loue mine, where should I finde the wilde swine.
That might once glad thée: sir in your forrest liueth hé.
Dame he said make good solace, for in the Forrest I will goe chace.

And ſhe ſaid with treaſon then, bleſſed be thou of all men,
The Earle a courſer gan beſtride, his ſword he hanged by his ſide,
There might no man with him rin, he was the ſtrongeſt man therein,
Alas that he had béene aware, of his enimies that were there.
But when he came to the forreſt, and was in chaſe after the beaſt,
Him thought he heard ſir Murdure, cry aloud ſir Guy, thou traytor,
And pricked out before the boaſt, for pramping pride to make great boaſt,
And to ſir Guy did he ſay, yéld thée traytor, for by my fay
Thou and thy ſonne both dead ſhall be, for the loue of thy Lady frée,
For I her loued or thou her knew, yet thou her hall, and ſhalt it rew.
Sir Guy anſwered with reaſon, and ſaid alas here is treaſon,
Yet will I ſo God me mend, béere in my right my ſelfe defend.
Either then did other defie, then ſpurred his horſe good ſir Guy,
And ſmote ſir Murdure with a ſpeare, out of the ſaddle hée did him beare,
Traitor he ſaid, yea and coward bold, wéeneſt thou though I be old,
That I ſhould of thée be aſhamed? with that ſir Guy his ſword out worſted
And would haue ſlaine that falſe Knight, had not ſuccour come full right.
Sir Murdures men hied them ſo, againſt ſir Guy they came full thro,
Sothly ſir Guy defend him can, an hundreth he ſlew with his hands than,
Had he béene well armed twis, all the maſſery had béene his.
By then ſir Murdure was horſed againe, ſir Guyes horſe they had ſlaine.
When his horſe was ſlaine that ſtound, ſir Guy was felled to the ground,
For had his horſe liued that tide, he had abated all their pride.
When ſir Guy was on foote without leſſe, all they gan about him preſſe.
You neuer heard of an old man ere, that fought ſo long as he did there,
But then knéeled Guy to ſir Murdure, and ſaid mercy and ſuccour,
And ſaid Murdure for thy gentry, thus cowardly let me not die.
But lend me horſe, armour and ſhield, and let me die here in the field,
And if with me thou wilt doe ſo, I thée forgiue if thou me ſlo.
Then cryed they all in this wiſe ſlay him that he neuer riſe.
With that ſir Murdure to him yead, and ſome ſmote off his head,
To a Knight he gaue his head, goe he ſaid now he is dead,
To the Counteſſe that is ſo bright, and ſay I will come to her this night.
The knight went to the Lady gent, and ſaid Madam here is a preſent,
My Lord thée ſent it ſir Murdure, this night he commeth vnto thy boure,
This gift he ſaid is life to me, and thanked ſir Murdure of his gentry,
And ſaid I am all at his will, early and late, loud and ſtill.
The meſſenger went his way, and told his Lord what ſhe did ſay.

How

How Beuis kept ſheepe vpon the downes, and how that hee left the ſheepe, and went to his Fathers houſe, and how he ſlew the Porter, with other things that he did there.

NOw will we of yong Beuis tell, how he was and how him befell,
Alas he ſaid all ſor ſœne, that I had with my father bœne,

To haue holpe him in that stoure, against that false théefe sir Murdure.
To his mother he ran and said, why hast thou my father betraid?
I will be auenged and be thy bane, alas that euer thou wert woman,
And all whores for thy sake, to the diuell of hell I them betake,
But an oath mother I doe sweare, if euer I may armes beare,
I will be auenged with might & maine, on him that hath my father slaine.
His mother his words vnderstood, and gaue him a buffet on the hood,
To ground he fell, that was harme, his Uncle tooke him vp by the arme,
Men call his vncle sir Sabere, the childe was to him full déere,
For Sabere was sir Guyes brother, in England was not such another,
Home with the childe Sabere went, the Lady soone after him sent,
Sabere she said for well or woe, my sonne Beuis sée that thou sloe.
For I shall neuer glad bée, that day that I doe him sée,
Sir Sabere was not well apaid, yet granted as the Lady said,
Home he went with friends few, and within a while a Pig he slew.
Beuis cloathes that were so good, he sprinkled with the Pigs blood,
Sir Sabere then all for dread, cloathed the childe in a poore wéede,
And said Beuis thou must kéepe, vpon the downes my flocke of shéepe,
Till the spousage be brought to end, then will we to Wales wend,
There is an Earle kinne to thée, thou shalt there dwell and with him bée,
When thou art big & armes canst beare, & hast strength harnesse to weare,
Then maist thou claime thine heritage, & auenge thy father being of age,
Then I will helpe thée for to fight, with dint of sword to win thy right.
Therefore my shéepe sée thou forth driue, let no man know thou art aliue.
Forth went Beuis with Saberes shéepe, vnto the field & fore gan wéepe,
When Beuis was set vpon the downe, he looked vp to South-hamptowne,
And as he looked toward the tower, trumpets he heard and tabour,
Harping there was & much blisse, in that place that should haue béene his,
Lord he said that of me art gouernour, was not I an Earles son of honour
I will no longer bide on this downe, home I will to South-hamptowne,
And will now sée presently, what Murdure doth with that Lady.
He ran fast on his yate, till he came to the Castle gate.
Porter he said take none sil, for into the hall on message I will.
Fye ribauld said the Porter tho, whorson varlot sée thou home goe,
There is no man but he were mad, on message would send such a lad.
Whorson said Beuis if I be one, yet varlot was I neuer none,
Thou shalt neuer a strange man despise, haue this for thy seruice,
Such a stroke he him graffe, that his braine clane to the staffe.

Beuis

Beuis into the hall went, with ragged clothes and sleeues rent.
All about he gan behold, and to sir Murdure spake words bold.
False theefe what doest thou here, why hast thou slaine my father dere?
My mother it is that thou hast tane, wend forth in the diuels name.
And if thou dwell against my leaue, I trust in God I shall thee greeue,
Then said sir Murdure hold thee still, thou canst no good but much ill.
Beuis hit sir Murdure at that word, that he sounded at the board.
Another stroke he stroke sadly, with that the Lady began to cry,
Then Beuis would no longer abide, for Knights rose on euery side,
For young Beuis woe there was, they toke him not but let him passe.

Beuis went home I you hete, he met his maſter amid the ſtréte,
What now Beuis ſaid Sabere: for Gods ſake what deſt thou here?
Beaten I haue my ſtepfather, and ſlaine I haue his porter.
Then ſaid Sabere thou art to blame, there I got both harme and ſhame,
But betide what may betide, once againe I will thée hide.
Sabere him to chamber led, of the counteſſe he was a dréad,
The Counteſſe would neuer blin, till ſhe came to ſir Saberes Inne.
Sabere ſhe ſaid where is become, that vncouth lad that ſtrong ſellen:
Dame he ſaid he is dead, at your Counſaile and your réde,
Loe his clothes are all blood: thou liéſt ſaid ſhe as thou wert wod.
But thou that lad take, thou ſhalt ſuffer for his ſake.
Beuis heard that ſhe him threat, to her he leapt with heart great,
And ſaid to her Dame, doe my maſter for me no ſhame.
The Lady ſaid thou art bold, now to me thy life is ſold.
Sabere and another Knight, ſhe called to her anon right,
Him to them betoke ſhe, and bad them caſt him into the ſea,
And caſt the boy amids the ſtreame, ſir Sabere though thou be his eame,
But thou drowne this glutton. thou ſhalt abie for that treaſon.
Gladly my Lady certes ſaid he, the child he led vnto the ſea, (thought.
They would not drowne him for nought, but another thing they he-

How Beuis was ſould vnto the Panims and carried ouer the ſea into Armony, and was preſented vnto King Ermine.

They

THey found ships both moze and leſſe, of Panims and of heathenelle,
They ſold the child with much thought, and to the Pauims Beuis they
Beuis heart waxed cold, when to the Panims he was ſold, (raught
But yet him liſt not to rage, ouer they made god voyage,
Their ſayle they drew the wind was good, they ſayled forth as they were
Till they came the riuer nie, that leades to the land of Armony. (wood
The King Ermine, of that land, his wife was dead I vnderſtand,
He had a daughter faire and bright, Ioſian that faire maide hight,
Her viſage was white as lilly floure, therein ranne the red colour,
With bright browes and eyes cheene, her haire as gold wire was ſheene:

With comely noſe and lips full ſweete, with louely mouth and fine ſeete,
With teeth white and euen ſet, her hands were white as violet,
With ſtraight body without en lack, well ſhapen both of belly and back,
With ſmall hands and fingers long, nothing of her was ſhapen wrong,
Wherefore ſhould I her deceiue, there was neuer none fairer on liue,
The Marchants are to Court gon, & preſented the King with Beuis anon
Therfore the king was faire & blith, & thanked the Marchãts a hundred ſith
By Mahound ſaid the King I were gay, would the childe forſake his lay.
For by Mahound that ſitteth on hie, yet ſaw I neuer a childe with eye,
That bare ſo much faireneſſe, neither in length, nor in broadeneſſe.
Childe he ſaid, thy name tell me, where thou wert borne & in what country
Sir he ſaid Beuis is my name, where I was borne thinke I no ſhame,
In England my mother bare me, at Hauth-hampton vpon the ſea.
My father thereof was Earle a while, my mother let ſlay him by guile,
And hath me ſold to the Paynims, a wickeder woman may none be twis,
And I may liue certainely, I ſhall reuenge my father ſir Guy.
The king of Armony ſaid full wel, of Guy of Hampton I haue heard tell,
Many a Paynim and Saraſine, he hath ſlaine with much paine,
Beuis ſaid he, I haue no heire, but a daughter that is faire:
And thou wilt thy Lord forſake, and to Appoline our God thée betake,
I ſhall giue thée her to bée thy wife, and all my land after my life,
Sir he ſaid that will I nought, for all things that euer was wrought,
Neither for any gift may be, nor for thy daughter that is ſo frée,
I ſhould doe my ſelfe diſhonour, if I ſhould forſake my creatour.
The King did him no fiance, for he was ſtedfaſt in his credence,
The King ſaid, Beuis while thou art ſwaine, thou ſhalt be my chamberlain
When thou art dubbed a Knight, thou ſhalt beare my banner in fight,
Beuis anſwered mild and ſtill, what ye bid me doe that I will,
Beuis was loued of ſquire & knight, for he was courteous both day & night
Iofian gan Beuis for to loue, ouer all things that was aboue,
When Beuis was fiftéene yére old, knight nor ſquire was none ſo bold
That againſt Beuis durſt ride, ne with no weapon him abide.
The firſt déede withouten leſſe, that Beuis did in Heathenеſſe,
It befell vpon Chriſtmas day, how it was I will you ſay,
Beuis rode to field him to ſolace, and fiftie Saraſins met him alas,
A Saraſin gan to Beuis ſay, Beuis tell me what bight this day?
Beuis anſwered him twis, I wot not what day it is,
For I was but ſeauen yére old, when to the Heathens I was ſold,

Therefore

Therefore fellow blame not me, if I wot not what day it be,
The Saracines said and lough, we can tell thée well enough,
This day is Christmas day, that thy God was borne men say, (our,
This day thou shouldst thy God honour, with some Nobles as we doe
Beuis vnto a Saracine said, of Christendom doest thou me brade:
I would I were as wel armd in this place, as euer sir Guy my father was

For his loue that ware the crowne of thorne, & on this holy day was born
Would I fight with all the rout: then should men sée without doubt,
Whether he were stronger in heauen, or all the Mahounds you can name.
Hearken fellowes said a Saracine, how he despiseth Appoline,

yet weneth this chriſtian hound, that he can bring vs to the ground.
We will no longer haue reſpite, who ſo doth beſt ſhall be ſéene now right,
Turne thée Beuis we thée deſie, there is nought elſe but thou muſt die.
All at once on him they ſwong, and gaue him wounds wide and long,
Beuis had no weapon great nor ſmall, to defend himſelfe withall.
There was no bote for him to pray, but let him doe the beſt he may,
Beuis was light and quicke, and to a Saraſine he leapt,
And with his fiſt he ſtroke ſo faſt, that his cheéke bone all to braſt,
A Saraſines ſword héé toke in hand, and felled all that before him would
There men might ſée much woe, when Beuis hands began to goe, ſtand,
To ſome he gaue ſuch wounds, that they lay grinning like hounds,
The Saraſines were light and lite, and aſſailed Beuis with great enuy,
About Beuis the Saraſines did leape, as they had béene a flock of ſheépe,
Of ſome he gan the wombs down teare, that the guts trayled here & there
There was no Saraſine that he hit, but his body in ſunder he ſplit.
There might none flie by any ſide, but Beuis made him to abide,
And Beuis within a little ſtound, the ſixty Saraſines brought to ground,
Great game had Beuis to ſée then, the hurt Saraſines to lie and grinne,
Here is ſéen ſaid Beuis in this ſtound, that God is ſtronger then Mahound
The Saraſines ſtéedes homeward ran, without the taking of any man.
And Beuis homewards did ride, with bloudy wounds on each ſide,
Héé ſtabled vp his horſe tho, and to his Chamber gan he goe.
To the freſh earth he laid him flat, for to ſtanch his wounds with that,
Tidings came to King Ermine, that in deſpite of his God Appoline,
How Beuis had ſlaine his men ſixty, & to the King done ſhame & villany,
The King ſwore neuer to eate breád, if it were ſo till he were dead.
When Ioſian it heard ſhée was full woe, and to her father ſhe did goe,
And ſaid you ought not to giue iudgement, till both parties be preſent,
Beuis is ſo milde of mode, I wot he did no man but good,
By Mahound and by Termagant, but if he were defendant.
Then ſaid the King bring both to me, as Ioſian ſaith ſo ſhall it be,
When we haue heard both parties, then will we doe iuſtice.
Ioſian called forth two Knights, goe your way ſhe ſaid forth rights
To Beuis that is ſo frée, and bid him come and ſpeake with me, (led
To the Chamber they went as ſhe them bad, either the other by the hand
And when they came to the chamber doore, the one knight went in before,
And ſaid Beuis is it thy will, to come ſpeake with Ioſian thy fill?
Beuis lookt vp with grim viſage, ſie he ſaid on your meſſage,

I will

I will not once ſtirre off this ground, to ſpeake with any heathen hound,
Unchriſtned hounds I réede you flée, or I your heart blod will ſée.
The knights hied them faſt away, and vnto Ioſian they did ſay,
Lady, Beuis called thée hound, thrice within a little ſtound,
Wée would not oft goe to him, for all the Citty, he loketh ſo grim.
Yes ſaid Ioſian, come with me, and certaine I ſhall your warrant be,
With the Maid forth went they, to the chamber where Beuis lay,
Beuis loked vp anone, and Ioſian in her armes twaine
Toke Beuis, and kiſſed him ſwéete, his ſorrow ſhe ſaid ſhe did wéete,
Shée ſaid Beuis greiue no more, though thou art hurt wondrous ſore,
For there is not in Panims land better ſalue I vnderſtand
Then I haue brought this ſtound, for to heale therewith thy wound,
Beuis roſe vp at her bidding, and went forth vnto the King,
On Beuis was there at that tide, thirtie wounds long and wide,
King Ermine then the truth heard, how Beuis and the Saraſines fard,
He had ſuch ruth and pitty, that the teares ran downe plentie.
Yée ſaid faire daughter Ioſian, heale Beuis wounds if you can,
I would not as I vnderſtand, loſe his life for all my land,
Ioſian did Beuis to chamber leade, to ſtop the wounds they ſhould not bléed
With ſalues and drinkes ſhe healed him ſoft, and euer among ſhé kiſſed him oft,
So within a little ſtound, Beuis was both whole and ſound.

How Beuis in a morning roſe and went to the Forreſt, and ſlew the wilde Bore.

A wilde

A Wilde Boze was there about, all men of him had great doubt,
And all the men that he toke, with his téth hé all to chokc.
The Boze was great & wondzous long, his head was great, and he ſtrong
Euery man was greiued both Knight & King, foz to come in his méting
Lozd ſaid Beuis vpon a day, whether is it as men doe ſay,
Certes my heart will neuer be foze, till I haue foughten with the Boze.
Beuis roſe vp early vpon a day, and ſadled him his good palfray.
Hé toke a ſwozd ſtiffe and ſtrong, a good ſheild and ſpeare long,
And forth he pricked ouer the field, Iolian ſaw and all beheld.
When Beuis came vnto the wood, his ſhield he toke that was ſo good.

His

His horse he tyed to a thorne, and began to blow his horne:
All about the forrest he sought, but the Bore found he nought,
Till he came to the diuels denne, there found he slaine many men,
That in the wood the Bore slew, the blood he dranke, the flesh he gnew.
Rise he said thou foule beast, thou shalt not here long rest.
When the Bore of Beuis had an eye, he set his bristles all on hye,
And stared with his eyes all hollow, as he would sir Beuis swallow.
Of thée said Beuis I haue meruaile, well I haue spent this trauaile.
A speare to him did Beuis beare, in seauen pieces he burst it there:
All to weake that speare was wrought, for in the Bore boote it nought.
His sword he drew to him there, but there might no dint him feare:
Beuis thought at each dint, that he had smitten vpon a flint.
The Bore smote at Beuis so hard, that he was neare faint coward.
Without rest hard fought they, till it was high noone of day:
Lord said Beuis helpe and mercy, I am so weary me thinke I dye.
The Bore was féeble and faint also, and from Beuis gan he goe:
Then said Beuis yet will not Iesu, that I should lose my vertue:
Betide said Beuis what may betide, the one of vs shall death abide.
Beuis smote the Bore with paine, the Bore saw that, he turned againe:
As he came gaping all to wonder, the ouer iaw he smote a sunder:
In at the mouth the Bore he bare, and cloue his heart a sunder there,
And with his sword then in hast, the Bores head he off cast,
And on a truncheon of his speare, the head he sticked thence to beare.
That saw the Fosters of that forrest, that Beuis had slaine that foule beast:
They said, we haue great disdaine, that he hath the Bore slaine:
Goe we to him we shall him slay, and take the head from him away:
Then shall we haue all the honour, right as we were conquerour.
As Beuis from the forrest did ride, they him beset on euery side:
The twelue Fosters were armed each one, and Beuis was naked all alone.
Whē Beuis would hand on his sword lay, the scaberd he foūd, his sword was
For he had left the sword thore, where he slew the wilde Bore. (away:
Then had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of his speare.
Two Fosters smote he downe, with the stroke of his trunchowne:
Nine Fosters he slew at dints thrée, and the other thrée away gan flée.
Beuis went with the head away: all saw Iosian where she lay,
Such loue on him then she cast, that neuer faild but euer did last.
The head of that wilde Swine, Beuis presented to King Ermine.
Then that time rose Beuis price, that was both curteous and wise.

Done after, not long during, came a messenger to Ermine King,
From King Bradmound of Damas, that swore by Mahound & Golias,
That if King Ermine did not bliele, send Iosian to be his wife,
In many wayes he would him noy, and all his land rob and destroy:
And said, in the first day of May, he would come and hold that day,
And take away his daughter then, and all his land destroy and bren.
King Ermine he was wod and wroth, & sent for Earles and Barons both,
And told them without faile, that King Bradmound had him battaile.
A word spake Iosian bright, by Mahound, if Beuis were made a Knight,
He would succour you right well: my selfe saw where he did fell
Nine Fellers at dints thre, and other three away gan flee,
Yet had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of a speare.
Thereof said the King shall we not let, but Beuis shall to vs be set:
Then he dubbed sir Beuis a Knight, and made him harneis for to fight:
Full well they gan for him purvey, with a great hoast against that day.
Beuis, said the King, helpe at this nede, for all my men thou shalt leade:
Arme thee right and take thy shield, for King Bradmound bides in the field.
Beuis had on his beaconne, that had worthid many a towne:
A hauberk Iosian to him brought, a better hauberk was never wrought,
A helmet she gaue him good and fayre, there might nothing it impayre:
Then to him that faire maide gaue, Morglay a sword both fine and brane,
There was no better under the Sun, many a land therewith was won.
Iosian gaue him such a stede, the best that ever on ground yede.
Full well I can you his name tell, men call this stede Arundell:
No horse in the world was so strong, that might out-run him a furlong.
When Beuis in his saddle did light, Iosian smiled that was so bright.
Beuis did his horne blow, for that his hoast might it know.
Beuis had with him as I understand, of bold yeomen twenty thousand:
And yet King Bradmound their foe, had full thrice as many moe.
When Beuis came into the field, King Bradmound stood and all beheld:
A loud laughter he made then, when he saw there was no more men.
Eyther of the hoasts gan other defie, they shot arrowes on eyther party:
With their bowes and arrowes, they slew fast on eyther parties:
And when they were thus fighting, there was earnest and no gaming.
King Bradmounds banner bare Radison, he was as strong as any Lion:
Beuis at him had great envie, eyther of them did other defie,
They smote their stedes with spurs of gold, Arundel ran right as he would,
Both the parties stood & beheld, how either hit other in midst of their shield.

Radisons

Radisons speare all to brast, Beuis speare held, and he smote fast:
Then through the shield and auctor, he bare the great King Radison,
The speare burst and he fell downe, in his brest he felt the trunchowne.
Then King Bradmound was abashed, for in Radison he euer trusted:
For he thought he was so maine, that no man might stand him againe.
About sir Beuis they came readily, to auenge his death on the other party.
And Beuis ceast not but thought it good, to bathe Morglay in their blood.
Men might see in that stound, an hundred Saracines brought to ground.
A little further he rode tho, and slew twice as many moe.
The Saracines that with Beuis were, helped him with their power.
Men might see ouer all, heads tumble like a ball:
Many Saracines men might mete, with guts trailing about their fete.
Some all handlesse gan flee, and some all shanckelesse aboue the knee:
And some their heads off he sent, and some noseles away went:
And some fled with so great woundes, that they lay grinning like hounds.
A thousand stedes men might see then, with dead Saracines away ren,
And all the sicke and whole, had beene at sir Beuis dole.
Bradmound see his men misfare, two of Beuis knights he toke there,
And led them forth and he fled: Beuis saw that they were bested,
He said, abide thou old wretch, art thou come Iosian to fetch?
Yeld thy prisoners vnto me, I will deliuer them from thee.
Such a stroke he gaue Bradmound, that man and horse fell to the ground.
Mercy said Bradmound I thee pray, let me liue and ransome pay:
Both Cities, Castles and Towers, I shall thee giue, with great honours.
Nay said Beuis, I wil none of thine, but become the Kings man of Ermine,
And doe him homage and fealtie, for other ransome none shall be.
Well said Bradmound, I had leuer doe so, then here to dye in paine & woe.
Beuis charged him in his lay, that he should neuer by night or day,
Waite King Ermine any treason, but be euer ready at his summon,
And hold him of his land as chiefe, be he loth or be he liefe.
Beuis was Ermines attorney, to receiue homage that day.
When Beuis had done he let him goe, alas why did he not him slo?
For some after as you may heare, he serued him in worse manner.
The knights he toke frō Bradmound, Beuis led forth with him that stound.
For great loue he would not blin, but them he had vnto his Inne,
And gaue them of meate & drinke the best, and in his bed did bid them rest,
And when sir Beuis had done so, vnto the King he then did goe:
And said, sir K. make good visage, for K. Bradmound hath done thee homage,

And holds thée for chiefe in field & towne, & will be ready at thy ſommon.
Then King Ermine was glad and blithe, and thanked Beuis often ſithe:
And ſaid faire daughter Ioſian, I pray thée make much of this man:
Lead him to chamber, Mahound him ſaue, that therein he reſt may haue.
And ſerue him both of meate and drinke, of the beſt that you can thinke.
Then faire Ioſian was right glad, to her chamber ſhe him led.
When Beuis was ſet ſoft on a bed, the boards were laid and tables ſpred:
When ſhe had vnarmed Beuis, at a board ſhe ſet him iwis,
And made him well at eaſe and fine, with rich meate and pleaſant wine.
When they had well eaten, and on a bed together ſitten,
Ioſian that was ſo true, thought ſhe would her loue renew.
She ſaid, Beuis I vow certainely, aboue all things I doe loue thée:
And if thou loue not me againe, I ſhall be dead through woe and paine.
Then ſaid Beuis, be thou ſtill, me thinkes thou ſpeakeſt without ſkill:
Thou maiſt haue all vnlich, King Bradmound that is ſo rich:
In this world is no man, neyther King, Duke or Soudan,
But they would haue thée to their Quéene, and if they had thée once ſéene:
I am a Knight of a ſtrange land, and haue no more then I in ſtand.
Mercy Beuis, ſaid Ioſian, I had rather haue thée for my lemman,
Thy body in thy ſhirt naked, then all the gods that Mahound maked.
Beuis ſhe ſaid, tell me thy thought: Beuis ſate ſtill and ſaid nought.
She fell downe and wept ſore, ſaying thou ſaidſt here before,
There is no King that me hath ſéene, but he would haue me for his Quéen:
And thou thinkeſt of me great ſpight, wend thou out of my chamber right,
More comely it were thée like, for to hedge and make a dike,
Then now to be dubbed a Knight, and to dwell among Ladies bright:
Goe Churle and euill maiſt thou fare, Mahound giue thée ſorrow and care.
Damſell he ſaid, I am no Churle, my father was both Knight and Earle:
To my country I will me hie, neuer after thou ſhalt me ſée:
Thou gaueſt me a horſe, take him here, I will not kéep him to be in danger.
Beuis went forth, and would not blinne, till he came vnto his Inne.
As grieued he was as he were blamed, becauſe Ioſian had him ſo ſhamed.
The two Knights that Beuis loued, aſked him who had him grieued:
Beuis ſaid neither god nor ill, but ſate him downe and held him ſtill.
When Beuis went Ioſian fro, then did beginne all the woe.
Then ſhe called the chamberlaine Boniface, and his help aſked in that caſe:
To Beuis on meſſage ſhe did him ſend, & ſaid ſhe would all things amend:
All that I bid thée, ſay truely, and pray him for to come to me.

Boniface

Boniface his way is gone, to Beuis chamber he is come,
And said, that Iosian him did send, and that she would all things amend,
And all should be after his will, so that he might come her till.
Beuis said why should I doe so? she bad me wend her chamber fro.
A robe gaue Beuis to the messenger, with other gifts rich and clere.
Well trimmed with great cost, haue this he said for thy hast,
And grete well thy Lady from me, and say I will her neuer more se.
Boniface thanked him then, and so to Iosian went againe.
He said Lady make good chere, for Beuis will no more come here,
Certes Madame you did vnright, for to miscall so noble a knight,
For it was neuer a Churles deede, to giue a messenger such a wede.
If Beuis will not come to me, I will not blinne till I him se.
Befall me therefore well or woe, vnto his chamber will I goe.
Iosian would no longer blinne, till she came to Beuis Inne.
When Beuis heard her without, as he did slepe he began to rout.
Beuis she said a while awake, I am come peace to make,
Faire Damsell then said he, let me alone and goe from me
I am weary of fighting full sore, so will I for your loue no more.
Mercy she said my lemman swete, she fell downe and began to wepe.
Forgiue me that I haue mille-said, if ye will be well apaid
My faire gods I will forsake, and Christendome with thee will take,
On that couenant said Beuis then, I will thee loue swete Iosian.
He killed her to accordement, and therefore was Beuis shent.
The two knights were there that stound that Beuis toke frō K. Bradmound
They heard all their couenant, and went to the king in an instant.
And said, Beuis this same day, hath made Iosian forsake her lay,
And surely he will lye her by, except ye seke some remedy.
And if he be not sent away, he will destroy all your lay,
It is true by all Hallowes, deliuer a theefe from the gallowes
Ye shall thee waight to rob or slo, so it fared by these knights two,
Beuis deliuered them from perill, and they requited him full ill,
Alas then said Ermine the king, sore am I grieued at this tiding.
Sithen that Beuis came mee till, much he hath done at my will.
I would not for all Armony, see any doe Beuis villany.
But I would faine auenged be, so that the deede I might not see.
And then a Saracin to him said, there may be in parchment made
A letter vnto king Bradmound, and will that he be brought to ground.
As he is true leigeman to you swore: by Beuis shall the letter be borne.

And by Mahound I dare ſay, Beuis ſhall neuer goe quite away.
When this was brought vnto the end, the king did after Beuis ſend,
And ſaid, thou ſhalt goe forth right, & be true meſſenger as thou art knight.
And beare king Bradmouud this letter, & euermore thou ſhalt be the better,
Some other lare elſe ſhould beare it, but it ſhall turne thée to great profit.
Sir, let me haue Arundell, and good Morglay, I dare vndertake the way.
Bée Bradmound neuer ſo wroth or wood, I ſhall make my partie good,
Wherefore ſaid Ermine thinkeſt thou ſo, thou ſhalt but on my meſſage goe.
Take therefore an eaſie hackney, that may beare the away eaſily.
It becommeth no meſſenger to leade, on meſſage ſo heauy a ſteede.
And Beuis thou ſhalt to me ſweare, that thou ſhalt truely my letters beare.
And as thou art true man liefe, not vndoe the print of my briefe.
Nay ſaid Beuis an Chriſten Rood, be tooke his letter and forth he yode,
Vpon an ambling hackney, leauing at home Arundell and Morglay.
Jeſu him comfort and réede, with him bée beareth his owne déede.

LEaue we now of Beuis héere, and ſpeake we of his eame Sabere,
After that Beuis from him was fold, his heart for him waxed cold:
Hée called to him his ſonne Terry, and bad him wend to eſpie
In Saraſines land both far and néere, if he might ought of Beuis heare,
Palmers wéede thou ſhalt weare, ſo maiſt thou better of him heare,
He gaue him treaſure for to ſpend, when that is gone God will more ſend.
Forth then gan Childe Terry fare, to Saraſines land till he came there.
In many a towne he hath ſought, yet of Beuis heard he nought,
Till it befell vpon a day, as afterwards I ſhall you ſay.

How

How *Beuis* went on message to King *Bradmound*, and how hee fought in the Citie of *Damace*, against the Saracines that made sacrifice to Idols, and how he tare them downe, and cast them into the durt, and afterward was taken and put in prison.

TUrne again where we were before, of Beuis of hampton to speak more.
Beuis rode forth and passed fast, towards the Citie of Damace:
He rode dayes and nights both, and rested not without oath.
He rode as fast as he might ride, two or three morrowes tide:
Then list he both to drinke and eate, as a weary man doth after heate,
To sléepe he had lust the story tels, that might he get but nothing else.
Beuis laid him downe to sléepe a stound, and let his horse bait on the ground:
When he awoke out of his sléepe, no longer he abode, but vp he did leape.
He came to a forrest faire and broad, and thitherward as he rode,
He saw a Palmer sit him neare, with bread and wine at his dinner.

Taken

Beken Carlewes he had thée, though he séemed poze to be.
The Palmer saw Beuis was a knight, he vailed his bonnet as was right,
And said, courteous sir knight, pleaseth it you here downe to light:
Much liking I haue to thée, therefoze sir knight pray eate with me:
Thou maist with me full euen, to a man that I can name.
Beuis said vnto him againe, hunger hath done me much paine.
Beuis ate and dranke plentis, while he would sit and thereat be.
Then to speake Beuis began; Palmer he said, art thou a Christian?
Where wert thou borne tell to mée, and what thou dost in this country?
Then said the Palmer, ye shall vnderstand, that I was borne in England,
At South-hampton vpon the sea, and come into this countrie,
To séeke after a youth full right, forsoth Beuis he was hight:
I shall him séeke till I him finde, though I him séeke to the worlds end,
To bring him into England, to helpe my father with his hand,
Against his steptather foz to fight, to winne his heritage and right.
What hight thy father, good Palmer? Sir, men call him sir Sabere:
Sir, he hath euer béene in strife, sith sir Guy of Hamptons life:
I left him in an Ile full good, that is inclosed with salt flood.
And euery yéere a day certaine, he fighteth with sir Murdure of Almaine,
Foz to win his heritage, I haue foz him vndertoke this voyage:
Tell me therefoze if you can, with me right vnto that man.
Then said Beuis with milde cheare, Beuis haue I knowne this ten yeare:
It is not thrée dayes at all, sithen we were both in one hall:
There is no man by Gods ore, in Christendome that I lone more:
We were fellowes lately, he told me his father hight sir Guy.
Sir, said the Palmer that is hée, foz Gods loue let me him sée.
Nay said Beuis, it may not be so, but on a message must I goe:
But goe thou to England againe, and help thy father with might & maine,
Foz when I haue my message done, I shall speake with Beuis full sone:
And tell him what I vnderstand, and make him hye into England:
Perchance with Beuis, who is my friend, I also will to England wend.
Sir said the Palmer in his language, to whom doe you ride on message?
To King Bradmound said Beuis I wend, he is my foe and not my friend.
Sir said the Palmer if it thy will be, I pray thée let me thy letter sée.
Nay said Beuis not foz thee, so mought I thawe to my selfe foe:
It shall neuer vnsealed be, till King Bradmond doth it sée.
They toke their leaue, and gan goe, eyther thanked other of them two.
The Palmer went to England ward, and Beuis did ride on foreward.

Towards

Toward the citie of Damace, the which was a pleasant place,
There was king Bradmonds pallace, was neuer a richer, the storyes saies,
For both the windowes and the wall, were painted with gold, tower & hal,
Pillers & dozes were all of brasse, windowes of stone were set with glasse.
It was so rich in many wise, that it was like a Paradise,
About the place there was a dike, for breadth and depth were sewe the like.
Ouer the dike a bridge there lay, that man and beast might passe that way.
Under the bridge were fortie bels, right as the storie tels,
That there might no man passe in, but all they rang with a ginne.
At the bridge end there was a tower, painted with gold and colour,
Richit was for to behold, thereon stood an Eagle of Gold,
Higeies were of pretious stones, of great vertue for the nones,
The stones were so rich and bright, that all the place shone with light,
When Beuis was nere the Citie, of this place marueiled he.
For sithen Beuis borne was, saw he neuer such a place.
When Beuis came the citie within, great mirth and noyse he saw begin,
The Saraisnes then should sacrifice, to their Maumets in their wise.
And Beuis came nere to see, saying what the diuell of hell doe ye heere
Why make you Mahound this present, and forsake God omnipotent?
I shall wit before I goe, what Mahound can say or doe.
Beuis leapt vnto Mahound, and toke him right by the crowne,
And cast him amid the mire, and bad them take up their fire,
The Saraisnes that by Beuis stood, for ire and teene they waxed wood,
They swore all he should deare abye, the despising their Maumetry.
There was no more then to say, but all at once on him they lay.
Beuis saw that, his sword he drew, and all that would abide he slew,
Then rose the crie in the citie, and Saraisnes gathered great plenty,
About sir Beuis they gathered, because Mahound he despised:
Beuis then did make a stour, at euery stroke he felled foure,
With the Saraisnes he fought so fast, that two hundred to ground he cast.
Within a while men might meete, heads tumbling in the street,
To the pallace they ran hasting, for to haue succour of the king.
And said sir, we are annoyed, for the citie is nere destroyed.
Through a knight that hither is come, all our Gods he hath put downe,
And troden them vnder his feet, in the mire amids the streete,
And all thy men he hath slaine, that euer did fight him againe:
Sir king but we haue helps of thee, he will destroy all the citie.
King Bradmound said, by my God, he be diuell or he heer wood.

What he is I will goe ſée, arme you ſone and come with mée.
Forth then went all the rout, from the Kings Palace without doubt,
Right on the bridge the ſtory ſayes, they met him going to the Palace.
When Beuis ſaw the King with crowne, vpon his knées he knéeled downe,
And gaue him vp the déed with his hand, & ſaid Jeſus that I vnderſtand,
Shaped all the world ſo round, giue thée ſorrow King Bradmound.
But Mahound and Apoline, and Termagant, which be Gods thine,
Let them giue thée now their bleſſing, with ſhort life and euill ending.
Well thée greeteth King Ermine, and ſendeth thée a letter in parchmine:
And biddeth thée his bidding doe, as thou art ſworne him vnto.
The King of Beuis receiued the déede, and gaue it to a Clarke to reade:
The letter bad he ſhould him ſlo, and that he ſhould not goe him fro,
For certaine if he paſſe away, he will deſtroy all our lay.
When King Bradmound heard of this, he made therefore great ioy & bliſſe.
He ſaid, Beuis welcome to court with ſhame, we will teach thée a new game,
Thou art he that made me thrall, not onely me but my men all:
Thou ſtewell & broughteſt my men to ground, xx. M. within a little ſtound,
And haſt in deſpite of Mahound, ſlaine my men in this ſtound.
But euer bleſſed may Mahound be, that ſent thée hither vnto me:
For I will be auenged ſone, of all the ſorrow thou haſt me done.
But blame not me Beuis berament, but blame him that thée hither ſent.
Some ſaid he ſhall be ſlaine, and ſome he ſhould be quicke ſlaine:
Some ſaid draw him through the citie, and ſome ſaid hang him on a tré.
Beuis he ſtod ſtill and heard, of all their treaſon how it farde:
And ſaid, Sir King it is no réde, to iudge me a dogs déede,
A Knight I am as well as you, therefore take you counſell now,
And grant me armour and ſtéede, ſword and ſpeare good at néede,
Sure helme and ſtalworth ſhield, and bring me ſafe into the field,
And arme your men leſſe and more, ſixty thouſand if they were.
And let me dye in battell right, as is the manner of a Knight.
Then the Saraſines cryed all, and to the King gan they call:
They ſaid, he will thy men downe ſold, if you grant him battell bold,
Grant him priſon through your reade, let him be there till he be dead:
For in your priſon be Dragons two, and other wormes many moe.
And were he vnto your priſon brought, vntill noone lineth he nought.
Bring him thither they all ſaid then, and not in field among your men.
Then ſpake King Bradmound, bring him downe vnto the ground,
For he ſhall die with much ſorrow, all Chriſtendome ſhal not him borrow.

About

About Beuis gan they dyne, as Bás doe about a hyne.
When Beuis saw none other rest, then he gan to doe his best,
With his swoꝛd he stod at defence, against them all in his pꝛesence.
Sir Beuis fought that it was wonder, till his swoꝛd burst in sunder.
Alas said Beuis, and well away, now I want good Mꝛglay.
But neuerthelesse good sir Beuis, bꝛought to ground with his fistes
Sixtie Saracines to ground sone, after that his swoꝛd was done.
But euer they gathered moe and moe, and toke Beuis with much woe,
And bound together his hands fast, that all his fingers on blod out bꝛast.
They led him stꝛaight into the hall, and set him downe in a knights stall.
A knight him fed with meate & dꝛinke, what soeuer he would after thinke.
The King bad Beuis eate fast, foꝛ this he said shall be thy last:
An hundꝛed Saracines stod then, about Beuis with swoꝛds dꝛawne.
In chance if his hands out bꝛast, lest he should make them agast.
When Beuis had eaten & made him glad, into the pꝛison they did him lad.
When he was at the ground, Beuis hands they vnbound.
Foꝛ they were sure and fast, that he should not make them agast,
In the pꝛison when he came downe, there he found a thoꝛl trenchdowne,
Into his hands the same he toke, and saued his life, so saith the boke.
A water thꝛough the pꝛison ranne, that carried the filth from the man.
Hée had not béene there a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
But two Dꝛagons of much might, against sir Beuis came to fight.
Fast fought both he and they, all the night and all the day,
The two Dꝛagons neuer staid, till they had Beuis weary made,
But by the other day at none, these two Dꝛagons were foꝛdone.
His staffe was bꝛoken all away, but little in his hand did stay.
When these Dꝛagons were dead, then could Beuis no better read,
But thanked Jesu that all shall winne, of the ioy he then was in.
Seauen winters he was thoꝛe, meate he had euermoꝛe,
But once a day without lesse, of wheat bꝛan he had a messe,
Foꝛ to length with all his life, in pouertꝛ and in great stꝛife.
Bꝛead of wheate eate he no moꝛe, but of water he had stoꝛe,
Rats and Mice and such small chéere, was his meat that seauen yéere.
Thus is Beuis in pꝛison ground, God bꝛing him out whole and sound.

How Iosian demanded of her father for sir Beuis, and of the sorrow that shee made.

Speake we now of Ioſian that maide, vnto her father how ſhe ſaid.
Sir Beuis ſhe ſaid, where is he? full long me thinketh till I him ſée.
Daughter ſaid he, I vnderſtand, that he is gone into England,
And liueth on his heritage, he hath a wife of great parentage.
A Kings daughter wedded hath he, a Marchant iwis told it mée.
Then was Ioſian full woe, and to her chamber gan ſhée goe,
And wept ſore for ſir Beuis, and thought ſome treaſon héere is.
There is no man can tell the ſorrow, that ſhe made both euen and morrow.

How King Iour married faire Ioſian.

OF Mambrant the king called Iour, a rich king of great treasure,
Is come faire Iosian to wed, and of her father he him sped,
That granted her to be his wife, and his land after his life.
When Iosian heard she should be Quæne, against her wil it was I wéne.
She had leuer withouten lesse, to haue béne sir Beuis countesse,
Neuertheleſſe sith it is so, against her father she durst not doe.
Euer she said, god sir Beuis, the kinde knight of South hamptowne is.
Hé would neuer me forsake, but some treason did it make:
I shall neuer vntrue be, as thou art, Beuis, vnto me.
I shall goe now and make a writ, through some clarke wise of wit,
That no man shall haue grace, while those letters be in place,
Against my will to lie me by, nor doe me shame nor villany.
She caused the letters to be wrought, on the manner as she thought,
And put it about her necke, so that no man should her checke,
When it was to the time sped, that king Iour should her wed,
Hé sent for many noble men, for the Soudan of Babilon then,
And for the Soudan of Perſie, it is no time their names to descry,
And prayed them all with him to be, when he should wed the Lady frée.
When this feast should beginne, euery knight came from his Inne,
When the feast was all done, King Iour would néeds be gone
With Iosian that Lady bright, that euer was true both day and night.
Iosian then was brought to him there, with much thought and great care.
King Ermine toke Arundell also, and sadled him with him to goe,
And toke with him Morglay, and to king Iour gan hé say,
Haue héere I giue thé this ſwéde, very strong and good at néed,
Haue héere Morglay of ſwéle browne, both they were Beuis of hamptown.
King Iour thanked him then, and pricked forth before his men.
They were not fully at Mambrant, but the king said by Termagant,
That he would into the citie ride, on Arundell before his Bride,
On Arundell when he was brought, Arundell had in his thought
That it was not sir Beuis, that on his backe did sit iwis.
He leaped ouer ditch and thorne, ouer briger and ouer corne,
Would he neuer blin running, till he had cast downe the king,
So sore to ground he him cast, that his back bone all to brast,
And had not some come saccour, he had then slaine king Iour,
They toke the horse with much slight, and led him to the pallace right,
With great ropes they him bound, there was no meat before him found.
Neither oates nor water clére: there he stood full seauen yére,

But that Iosian him brought, and that will the king nought.
For his men could not him read, without ſtarning to haue him dead.

IOsian is now Quéene, Beuis in priſon is with much téene.
Beuis therein was ſorlorne, he curſed the time that he was borne,
His haire hanged long and ſide, ſmall and ſimple was his pride.
On a day Beuis would ſléepe, an Adder great on him did créepe,
And ſtinged him ſore without lie, vpon his brow aboue his eye.
Beuis awaked, and lond gan cry, and ſaid Ieſu my Lord mercy,
This Adder hath bitten me ſore, out of my life I would I wore.
Helpe Lord, if it be thy will, and let me neuer in priſon ſpill.
With that an angell come is, and appeared vnto Beuis,
Gods angell he ſaw by the light, by whom the worme loſt her ſight
And before him all to braſt, Beuis ſaw it and reioyced faſt.
Sir Beuis was féeble and faint, to Ieſu Chriſt he made his complaint,
And vnto his mother Mary, ruefully began to cry.
Lord he ſaid of Heauen King, that ſhaped me and euery thing,
What offence haue I done to thée, that hence thou wilt not helpe me?
The Saraſines doe me much woe: haue mercy on me Lord now,
And giue me grace heauen to win, and get out of priſon I am in.
The two keepers heard his complaint, how féeble he was and how faint,
The one ſaid, heareſt thou this fellowne, how he ſtill deſpiſeth Mahound.
He weeneth that his God can him ſaue, and ſuccour he thinketh to haue,
But by Mahound it ſhall not gaine, I ſhall not reſt till he be ſlaine,
And ſodainely at that word, he let a lampe downe by a cord,
And ſaid come downe when I call, to helpe what euer me befall,
Then a ſword he toke by his ſide, and by the rope downe did glide,
And ſmote Beuis in that ſtound, that he felled him to the ground,
Lord ſaid Beuis why doſt thou ſo? now is my heart in full great woe,
Had I my ſword god Morglay, and Arundell my god Malfray,
For all Damas with their treaſon, would I not care one button,
And now the moſt wretch of all, with one ſtroke doth make me fall,
Now I wiſh I were hanged if I be not well reuenged,
Beuis with his ſtill ſmite ſo faſt, that his necke he ſone braſt:
The other cried that was aboue, and ſaid, fellow to him in loue,
Haſt thou of me any néede, that I may come thée to réede,
Yea ſaid Beuis all for guile, come hither to me a little while,
For I muſt néedes haue thy read, or that Beuis will be dead.

The other képer no longer abode, but downe the rope he then ſtode,
And ſaw Beuis whole and ſound, and his fellow dead on the grounde,
He would haue fled vp that tide, but Beuis ſaid thou muſt abide,
Beuis with his fellowes brand, ſmote aſunder through Gods hand
The rope aboue the Saraſines head, that to priſon to his fellow he yéde.
Then was Beuis glad and faine, his two képers he had ſlaine:
A day he lay and nought did eate, he thought that life nothing ſwéet,
Yet was Beuis wont each day, while that he in priſon lay,
Of wheat branne to haue a meſſe, therewith his hunger to redreſſe:
But when his képers were foredone, bread ne branne had he none,
That penance was full ſtrong, he thought he liued all to long.
Jeſu Chriſt ſir Beuis ſaid, helpe me now with a little bread,
The rope I may not reach, but if thou me ſhew or teach.
Two high he ſmote the rope aſunder, if he it reach it were great wonder:
But by Gods might, Beuis ſtipped, he was full light,
And gat the rope in his hand, and came vp I vnderſtand.
When he came vp he ſaw no light, for it was about mídnight:
But well he heard in the ſtable, Grómes ſing and make bable.
Vnto the ſtable dore he went, and ſmote it open at a dint:
A dore barre he toke in his hand, and ſlew all that there he fand,
A good ſtéde forth he brought, and ſadled him well enough.
Beuis rode to the gate full euen, and called the porter with milde ſteuen:
Riſe porter anone he ſaid, Beuis of Hampton hath vs betraid.
Sone after the gates were vnlockt, and with that Beuis out leapt.
The porter ſtraight his way toke, vnto the priſon for to loke:
He found the képers ſlaine twis, but Beuis forth eſcaped is.
The Porter ſaid, by my ſnout, that ſame was Beuis that I let out.
The Porter went to the King and ſaid, how that Beuis had him betraid,
And had ſlaine his kepers both, the king thereat was wondrous wroth.
There were fiue kings in the palace, that made him homage the ſtory ſaies,
To them Bradmound made his mone, then they armed them euery one.
A Knight there was proud and fierce, men called him ſir Granders,
An horſe he had of great priſe, the which was called Trunchefice,
He was worth his waight in Gold, he would runne well vpon the mold.
Sir Granders was the firſt dight, on Trunchefice vp he light.
And rode after ſir Beuis, well he thought to win the prize,
When he was paſt Damas, he ſaw Beuis ride apace:
He ſaid turne thée dogs whelpe, thy God ſhall thée nothing helpe.

Through

Through thée I shal get renowne, if thou be Beuis of South-hamptowne,
Then Beuis vnto him did say, it is no maistry me to slay,
For if that here I slaine be, it is through hunger, and not through thée,
But neuertheless we will assay, how well thou wilt thy duty pay,
Beuis turned him full well and faire, they rode together with great aire,
Such a stroke he gaue Grandere, that through helme and hawbert clére,
Heart & body he cloue a sunder, there helped no armour, that was wonder,
Right to the saddle, by head mine, hée clouē him downe like a swine.
Beuis Trunchefice sone bestroad, he left his owne and lothly he rode,
King Bradmound with all his hoast, came riding after with great boast,
And so fast followed they, that Beuis was driuen to the sea, (slaine
He said if I fight with so many againe, for hunger and feblenesse I shall be
Yet will I to the water flye iwis, and let God worke what his will is,
Then to be slaine among them all: helpe me Lord, for now I call.
Beuis made his horse to skip, forthe into the sea he leapt,
The Saralines saw that after came, how the horse with him swame,
By the helpe of the Lord of might, the horse bare ouer that noble knight:
When he was the water past, the horse him rest and shoke him fast,
And for feblenesse in that stounde, sir Beuis fell on the ground.
Lord said Beuis how hungry am I: if I were king of Armony,
I would giue it without read, for one shiuer of browne bread.

FOrth rode Beuis with great aire, till he came to a castle faire,
A Lady ouer the wall lay, dame said Beuis I thée pray
For his loue that died on the tree, one meales meate giue to me.
The Lady answered him tho, from my gate I reade thée goe,
Another place is better then here, for here thou getteſt a cold dinner:
For my Lord is a Gyant, and beleeueth in Mahound and Termagant,
And if he know thou be a Christian, he will slay thée with much paine.
Alas said Beuis and swore an oth, whether he be liefe or loath,
Here will I meate eate, to die therefore but I it get,
The Lady was abashed withall, and went downe into the hall,
And told her Lord that was so stout, how a man had swore without
That hé would eate there his fill, in despite of his will,
Yea, said the Gyant, will he so: a dore barre he toke in his hand tho,
And out vnto Beuis he braid, and thus vnto him he said.
What art thou fellow, art thou wise: where stolest thou Trunchefice?

That

That thou ſlieſt vpon there, he was my brothers ſir Gyandere.
God knoweth then ſaid Beuis, I ſhoye ſir Gyanders crowne iwis
When we met laſt in battaile, I was his priеſt withouten faile,
And if thou doe with me fight, I may thee ſlay in my right,
Alas ſaid the Gyant for ſir Gyandere, his death thou ſhalt abide full dere.
At ſir Beuis he ſmote full ſore, but of him he failed there,
And hit Truncheſſice in that ſtound, that he fell dead to the ground.
Beuis ſtart vp without reſpite, and at the Gyant gan he smite,
Such a ſtroke was not ſtrucke with hand, ſince liued Oliuer and Rouland.
The Gyant ſaw that Beuis was ſtrong: he drew out a dart ſharpe & long,

Through Beuis ſhoulder he did it ſhote, the blod ran downe to his fot.
When ſir Beuis ſaw the blod, for ire and téne he waxed wod,
He ſmote the Gyant then full ill, with all his might and all his will.
And ſuch a ſtroke he him lent, that helme and head from body went,
Breſt and body he cloue downe, with a ſtroke of his fauchdowne.
Now ſaid Beuis by Mone and Sun, I trow my meate I haue well wonne,
Dame ſaid Beuis ſtay no more, but giue me meat, I hunger ſore,
And thus much take thou of me, of meat and drinke no niggard be.
The Lady durſt not him withſtand, ſhe led Beuis in by the hand,
And ſerued him of bread and wine, and afterward of meates fine,
And of each meſſe twis, ſhe brought vnto ſir Beuis
He made her to eate firſt truely, leſt ſhe ſhould doe ſome villany,
And drinke firſt of the wine, leaſt ſhe ſhould put poyſon therein.
When Beuis had eaten enough, a white kirchife he forth drough,
And ſtopt therewith his wound, to ſtay the bléding in that ſtound.
Beuis into the ſtable yéde, and ſadled him a goodly ſtéde,
There would he no longer abide, he toke his way and forth did ride,
Then ſir Beuis forth rode till he came forth all abroad,
Unto a faire gréene place, Lord ſaid Beuis, bleſſed be thy grace,
And now I would that Bradmond king, were héere with me e al his ſpring
On this gréene men ſhould ſée, whether I would from them flie.
Forth rode Beuis by the ſtreame, till he came to Hieruſalem,
And to the Patriarch he went full ſwift, and of his ſinnes he him ſhrift,
Of Iolian to him he told the ſtrife, that by right ſhould haue béne his wife.
The Patriarch for his great truth, wept for him and thought great ruth,
He kept with him ſir Beuis, till he was ſound and whole twis,
And forbad him on his life, that he ſhould nere take any wife,
But ſhe were a maiden cleane, yea ſaid Beuis, ſo I meane,
When it came vnto the night, Beuis toke leaue, like a gentle knight.
On the morrow when it was day, Beuis rode forth on his way:
As he rode himſelfe alone, he bethought whether to gone.
Whether ſhall I to England fare, nay, what ſhall I doe there,
Vnleſſe I might an hoaſt gather, for to ſlay my ſtepfather:
I will be ſaid to Armony, to know the cauſe wherefore, and why,
That the King did this treaſon, for my luſtneſſe, againſt all reaſon.
As Beuis rode forth right, he ouertoke another knight
That would goe forth to Armony, and Beuis bare him company,
As they rode at the laſt, either beheld the other faſt.

And

And either then the other knew, for sometime they were fellowes true.
Together they passed, after that, he asked Beuis of his estate.
God knoweth said Beuis and lough, I haue had sorrow enough.
And suffered both hunger and cold, and other paines manifold,
Through the treason of King Ermine, and sure I would requite his paine
Were not his daughter Iosian, this day I would be his bane.
Iosian he said is a wife, against her will with mucle strife.
Seauen yere it is by Termagant, sithen King Iour of Pambrant,
Iosian in Pambrant did wedde, both to bourd and ehe to bedde.
He hath thy sword good Morglay, and Arundell thy good palfray.
Where is Pambrant said Beuis thore? sir he said it is yonder before.
To Pambrant ye cannot reach to day, but turne you must another way,
Euer he rode forth certaine, till he came to Pambrant plaine.

MAmbrant is a rich Citie, faire and lonely for to see.
When sir Beuis of South-hamptowne, came within that rich towne
With a Palmer there he met, full faire either other gan grete.
Palmer he said where is the King? sir he said forth on hunting,
With many knights stout and kene: Palmer he said, where is the Quéne
Sir he said in her tower: Palmer he said, doe me some fauour,
And giue me thy palmers wede for my clothing and my stede.
Would God said the Palmer, that I had made that change sir.
Beuis gaue to him his stede, so that he might haue his wede.
Beuis went to the castle gate, many Palmers he found thereat.
Beuis said brethren dere, for what thing abide you here?
They answered him that there stood, we stand here for some good.
Beuis said who shall it doe, the Quéne they said, we beléne so.
Good chére she doth here make, once a day for Gods sake,
For all that she hath found here, euery day this seauen yere,
This almes giueth she by my crowne, for Beuis loue of South-hampton.
Then said Beuis for Christes lore, tell me now ye Palmers more
When this almes should be all done: sir they said at after-noone,
Beuis said it is early day, he went from them anon away.
Hé thought hé would goe spie and sée, how that it might best be:
As he came vnder a turret, that aboue the castle was set,
Hé heard Iosian wéepe and cry, and thus lament full beauily,
Alas she said for good Beuis, the gentle knight of South-hampt owne is,
Alas shall I neuer sée that day, that once with him speake I may?

Lord Ieſu Chriſt that I take till, helpe me when it is thy will.
Euery day for ſeuen yere, Ioſian that Lady faire,
Was wont ſuch ſorrow to make, for Beuis of Hamptons ſake.
Anone ſhe ſtart to the gate thore, for to bring in the Palmers pore,
Beuis hied faſt to the gate, leaſt he ſhould haue come too late,
The Palmers preſſed in faſt, Beuis abede and was the laſt,
To the hall ſhe led them euery one, but vnto Beuis ſaid Ioſian anone,
Thou art moſt welcome vnto me, for I deſire to talke with thée,
Begin thou the bord Palmer, and merrily goe to thy dinner.
When the Palmers were all ſet, meate and drinke ſhe did them ſet.
Then ſhe gan to Beuis ſay, tell me Palmer without delay,
Haſt thou heard any man tell, in any land where it befell,
Or in field, or in towne, of one Beuis of South-hamptowne?
I ſhall make them rich without leeſing, that of him can tell any thing:
Yes dame ſaid Beuis and lough, ſir Beuis I know well inough,
At home in his country, I am an Earle and ſo is he,
And he loueth me ouer all, either was other promigall:
At home he gan me much to tell, of an horſe that hight Arundell.
I haue aſked in many a land, for that horſe I vnderſtand,
And ſought both far and nére, and each man ſaith he is héere.
As you loue that ſame knight, of that horſe let me haue a ſight.
The Quéene then without fable, led Beuis into the ſtable,
The Quéene gan Beuis behold, and vnto Boniface ſhe told.
I trow ſaid ſhe by my crowne, this is Beuis of South-hamptowne,
But Beuis beard was neuer ſhorne, ſince of his mother he was borne.
When Beuis into the ſtable came, anone to Arundell he ranne,
And ſaid Arundell God thée ſane, without the towne I would thée haue,
With thée I neuer came to Nambrant, but with me thou ſholdſt to England
Arundell in ſunder burſt chaines ſeuen, when he heard ſir Beuis ſteuen,
And forth he ran out of his place, and nighed made great race,
Alas ſaid Ioſian the, for Arundell I am full woe,
For he will be many a mans bane, or that he againe be tane.
Nay ſaid Beuis and lough, I can take him well inough,
If that you will giue me leaue, I ſhall take him as I perceiue:
To take the horſe ſhe him praied, and lead him vp the Lady ſaid,
That there be no more diſtance, for that I ſhall thée aduance.
I grant ſaid Beuis by Gods dome, when Arundell ſaw his maiſter come,
Hé would neuer ſtart nor leape, till Beuis on his backe did ſkippe.

Beuis on Arundels back him threw, and thereby Iosian him knew,
Shée said Beuis loue déere, ride not from me in no manner,
Thou promised me to wife to take, when I my false Gods did forsake,
Helpe Beuis at this néede, for thou now hast Arundell thy stéede,
I shall fetch thy sword Morglay, and lead me with thée away.
Then said Beuis thou mightest me blame, it may turne me vnto shame,
I lay for thee in prison strong, seauen winters that was long,
And the Patriarch on my life, charged me neuer to take to wife,
But she were a maiden cleane, and seauen yéere thou hast béene a Quéene.
And euery night a knight by thée, how couldest thou a maiden bée?
Mercy Beuis then said shée, haue me home to your countrie,
If you finde me not a true woman, in all that you say can,
Send me hither to my foe, my selfe all naked and no moe,
I grant said Beuis that you goe, on that couenant that it be so.
Hie you fast and make you prestie, and if with me goe you list,
Boniface stood still beside, and said sir it were best to abide,
Sir Beuis he said it is great perill, you shall be taught a better skill,
The King is gone on his sporting, and sone he will come from hunting,
And if he finde we be away, he will pursue vs night and day,
With all his great chiualrie, of courage stout and hardy.
Yée shall be drawne through the towne, and hanged like a false fellowne,
Sir Beuis I doe yée now réede, that Arundell to stable ye leade,
And at the gate ye shall abide, for when the King doth in ride,
He will aske you of tidings, where you haue béene and in what lands,
Ye shall tell him readily, that ye came out of Surrey,
And that the land is greatly noyed, townes be burnt and men destroyed,
And that king Brandwine is, in point to lose his land iwis.
Through Miracle and his men, of Antioch that rich citty then:
Loke ye tell none other, for King Brandwin is his brother,
And when he heareth this tiding, he will goe thither with great hasting.
With all his power and his boast, then may we goe with little boast,
Now sate Beuis I hold me apaid, he led vp the horse as he said.
Sone after came the King from hunting, and of Beuis asked tiding,
And all him told Beuis thore, as Boniface told him before.
I haue great wonder said King Iour, that he sendeth not hither for succour.
The messengers were taken surely, and intreated full euilly,
That came from king Brandwin, for to bring thée tiding:
King Miracle hath them in hold, I trow Brandwines heart is cold,

Now then ſaid king Iour, I will hie me to that ſtoure,
With all I can to helpe my brother, in his right againſt the other,
King Iour gathered a great company, and forth he went into Surrey.
But his ſteward ſir Graſſey, he left at home full ſtrictly.
Then came together in that caſe, Beuis, Ioſian, and Boniface,
Now it is time ſaid Beuis to goe, nay ſaid Boniface, ye ſhall not doe ſo,
The kings ſteward ſir Graſſey, is made képer of my Lady,
I know an hearbe ſaid he twis, that of ſuch a vertue is,
All thoſe that thereof drinke, it ſhall make their eies to winke.
And make them ſléepe through might, all a day and all a night.
Had Graſſey drunke this hearbe with wine, then might we goe very fine.
When Boniface had done this thing, he roſe vp without léeſing,
On the morrow withouten miſſe, Ioſian, Boniface, and Beuis
They them purueied as they would, both of ſiluer and of gold.
They hied them forth on their way, ſir Graſſey awoke on the next day,
When he wiſt the quéene was gone, with the palmer, he made great mone
Hé made his men them to dight, and gathered great power to fight.
And he rode forth all by déene, after the Palmer and the Quéene.
All Pambrant after them drough, weaponed and armed well enough,
On euery ſide with a great rout, they beſet Beuis round about,
Then ſaid Beuis to Boniface, thou ſéeſt we be in a ſtrange caſe,
Thou ſhalt with her abide here ſtill, while I goe fight with them my fill,
They ſhall abie it that I may, for I haue reſted many a day.
Had you neuer ſo good gameing, as ye ſhall ſée when we are lamming,
Nay ſaid Boniface vnto him tho, forſooth it ſhall not be ſo,
I ſhall bring you leſſe in doubt, the land is beſet round about,
A little beſide vs here, is a caue in a rocke néere,
Were we once therein brought, we néede not care for them aught.
To the caue they came at laſt, Graſſey ſearched and ouer them paſt,
He went againe where he came fro, with great care and much woe,
All night in that caue they were, without meate or drinke there.
Ioſian hungred on the morrow ſore, and to ſir Beuis ſhe complained thore.
Beuis ſaid to Boniface, kéepe thou Ioſian in this place,
For I will goe vpon this hill, to ſée if I can ought kill,
That we may on coales caſt, for Ioſian may ill faſt.
Forth went Beuis in that ſtound, with him he had a good grey-hound,
Now when Beuis was gone them fro, into the caue came Lions two,
Grinning and ramping with their féet, and both on Boniface they did leap,

His

His sword vnto him he drough, and armed him well inough,
And gaue vnto them battaile right, but all to feble was his might,
For anone they him slew, and his bones they all gnew.
When they had eaten vp that man, they went both to Iosian,
And laid their heades vpon her arme, but they would doe her no harme,
For it is the Lions kinde iwis, a kings daughter that a maide is
Harme ne scath none to doe, therefore lay the Lyons so.
When Beuis came from hunting, into the caue at the beginning,
As he went in for the nones, he saw a man gnawne to the bones,
Into the caue then went he, to see what chance there might be.
Iosian sat in much doubt, and two Lyons her about:
Ah sir, said Iosian tho, come take reuenge of these two,
For right now haue they slaine, Boniface my chamberlaine.
The one Lyon will I hold, whiles ye make the other cold.
About the necke she toke the one, but Beuis bad let him alone,
I say Iosian let them be, for I see well a maiden ye be,
What mallery is it them to slo, in hands when ye hold them so?
Let them come to me both, or in soth I shall be wroth
She let goe the Lyons without misse, and both they assayled sir Beuis,
Strong and perilous was the fight, betweene the Lyons and the knight,
They gaue him wounds long and wide, they tore his armour on euery side
Beuis thereat was fell and wroth, and at one stroke he slew them both,
For Boniface full woe was he, but when he saw no bote would be,
He toke vp Iosian that tide, and on his way forth gan ride.
They had not riden but a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a Gyant, with a full sowre semblant,
He was mighty and strong, he was full thirtie foote long.
He was brisseled like a sow, a foote there was betweene each brow,
His lips were great, they hung aside, his eies hollow, his mouth wide,
He was loathsome for to locke on, he was liker a diuell then a man,
His staffe was a young Oake, he would giue a great stroke.
Beuis wondred at that sight, and asked him what he hight.
My name is Ascapart, he said, sir Grasley sent me hither ward,
For to bring you home againe, and now am I glad and faine
That I haue you here found, for together you shall be bound,
So shall you be led to Mantrant, with a full heauy semblant.
Yet said Beuis thou maist faile, by me thou maist die in battaile
Off Arundell Beuis downe light, and betoke him to his seruy knight.

And

And Beuis with a bold heart, with Morglay aſſailed Aſcapart,
Betwixt them two was great fight, ſir Beuis was nimble and light,
And ſtarted his dints fro, when Aſcapart at him did throw,
If his heart would braſt, he could not one blow on Beuis taſt,
For if he had ſmitten ſir Beuis once, he would haue burſt all his bones.

Beuis skipped here and thore, and gaue him wounds wide and ſore,
Then Aſcapart was full woe, and ſmote at ſir Beuis tho,
Hee ſmote to hit ſir Beuis crowne, his foote ſlipt and he fell downe,
And ere that he ariſe might, Beuis with his ſword was dight
To haue ſmitten off his head, but Ioſian did it forbid.

For

Sir the ſaid you ſhall him ſaue, and let him liue to be our ſaue.
Dame he ſaid he will be betray, I will be his priеſt: the ſaid nay.
Aſcapart did Beuis homage, and became ſir Beuis page.
Then they went forth all thrе, till they came vnto the Sea:
A barke they found ready there, to Chriſtendome for to fare.

Therein were Saraſines great plenty, and denyed Beuis therein to ferry.
When Aſcapart heard of that, anone to him he toke his bat,
He droue them out with moch harme, and then Arundel vnder his arme,
With Beuis and Iofian to ſhip he bare, he drew vp ſaile and made good fare.
They ſailed forth ſwith to ſame, vnto the hauen of Colaine:

Beuis went into that land, and ſone a friend there he fand.
The Biſhop of the towne ſurely, to ſir Beuis was kinſman nie.
Beuis gret well the Biſhop bold, and what he was he him told.
The Biſhop was well apaid, and to ſir Beuis welcome he ſaid:
To ſée you here I am full faine, my minde gane me you were ſlaine.
Whence he ſaid is thy Lady théne? Sir, ſaid Beuis of heathenneſſe a quéne:
For her I haue ſuffered much paine, e the would become a Chriſtian faine.
He ſaid what is this bad viſage? Sir ſaid Beuis he is my page:
He muſt be chriſtened alſo, though he be blacke and blo.
The Biſhop chriſtened Ioſian, that was as white as any Swan:
For Aſcapart was made a Phunt, and when he ſhould therein be put,
He leapt ouer the bench, and ſaid charle wilt thou me drench:
The diuell of hell thy bane be, I am to big to be chriſtened of thée.
The folke had good game and lough, but the Biſhop was wroth enough.

How *Beuis* ſlew a fierce and dreadfull Dragon in the Land of Coleyne.

NOw is Beuis in Coleyne land, through the helpe of Chriſts hand,
There he gate great renowne, by the ſlaying of a Dragon:
For when Lancelot du Lake, fought with the burning Drake,
Guy of Warwicke I vnderſtand, ſlew a Dragon in Coleyne:
But ſuch a Dragon was neuer ſéne, as ſir Beuis ſlew in Coleyne.
Beuis went to bed at night, with much ioy and lozeh bright,
And after his firſt ſléping, he heard a ruſull crying:
The voyce ſaid in his cry, Jeſu my Lord on me haue mercy:
I rot he ſaid bone by bone, my death is comming me vpon.
Beuis therefore has great ſorrow, and aſked them on the morrow,
And ſaid, what meant the cry? They anſwered him and told him why,
They ſaid it was a gentle Knight, that was ſtrong and bold in fight,
As he rode through the towne, he met with a fell Dragon,
That with venime on him throwne, the Knight lay all to blowne.
Sir I ſhall tell you all the caſe, how the Dragon came to this place:
In the towne of Calabour men tell, were two Dragons great and fell,
Theſe two Dragons there did fight, for ſeuen yeare both day and night,
And deſtroyed both man and beaſt, on euery ſide both Weſt and Eaſt.

There

There was one in that land, that was full of Gods lond,
He made request to God aboue, that he would for his mothers lone
Deliuer out by his holy grace, these two Dragons from that place:
Then these two Dragons downe fell, and had no power there to dwell.
Then they flew to Tuskaine, many men there haue they slaine:
From Tuskaine into Lumberdy, there they did great villany.
The one Dragon by Gods downe, flew to the court of Rome,
He there resteth his cursed bones, some say in a cane of stones:
Men say he is there yet, enclosed by clarkes wit.
The other Dragon we vnderstand, flew hither into Coleyne land,
Within a mile lyeth he, but a mile distant from the sea:

All Coleyne Land round about, haue of him great feare and doubt:
That Dragon was here this night, and hath deſtroyed the ſaid Knight.
Lord Chriſt ſaid Beuis tho, may no man that Dragon ſlo?
Certaine they ſaid without fable, all Chriſtendome is not for him able.
But if Michael come downe, can no man ſlay that Dragon?
Sir Beuis called Aſcapart him to, and aſked wt at they ſhould doe:
And ſaid wilt thou with me goe, for to ſe that Dragon wee two?
By chance if we with him fight, we may him ſlay by Goes might.
I am ready ſaid Aſcapart truely, haue done anone let vs thither hie.
Beuis armed him and forth did ride, and Aſcapart went by his ſide:
When they were paſt the citie, and were neare where he ſhould be,
The Dragon caſt vp ſuch a yell, as would haue feared the diuell of hell.
Aſcapart ſaid with heauy cheare, heareſt thou wt I doe heare?
Yes ſaid Beuis, haue no doubt, the Dragon ſure is here about:
Boldly ſhall we to him goe, by Gods grace we ſhall him ſloe.
Beuis rode forth a good pace, whereas he trowed the Dragon was.
Surely ſaid Aſcapart tho, I will homewards againe goe:
For I would not for all Paine, ſe the diuell that make that cry.
What diuell, ſaid Beuis, art thou mad? I thought nothing could thee haue feard:
For ſhame wilt thou afraid be, of any thing ere thou it ſe?
Sir he ſaid with heauy cheare, I will him neyther ſe nor heare.
Well ſaid Beuis, wilt thou not ſo? I will him ſlay ere I goe.
Aſcapart further would nought, Beuis rode forth and there ſought.
The Dragon caſt vp a loud crie, as it had thundred in the ſkie:
He turned his belly towards the Sonne, it was as big as any tonne:
His ſcales were bright as the glaſſe, and hard they were as any braſſe:
Betweene his ſhoulders and his taile, was forty fote without faile.
He weltred out of his den, and Beuis pricked his ſteede then:
And to him a ſpeare he thruſt, that all to ſhiuers he it burſt.
The Dragon gan Beuis to aſſaile, and ſmote ſir Beuis with his taile.
Then downe went horſe and man, two ribs of Beuis were bruiſed then.
Upſtart Beuis with good will, and ranne after the Dragon ſtill,
And good Morglay out braid, and on the Dragon faſt he laid:
But for no ſtroke that he did ſtrike, would his Morglay on him bite.
The Dragon was grieued ſore, and ſmote at Beuis more and more:
And gaue him many a wound, and felled him oft to the ground:
What for weary, and what for faint, ſir Beuis was neare attaint.
The dragon followed on Beuis ſo hard, that as he would haue fled backward

There

There was a well, as I weene, and he stumbled right therein.
Then was Beuis afraid and wo, least the Dragon should him slo,
Or that he might away passe: when he in that well was,
Then was the well of such vertue, through the might of Christ Jesu,
For something dwelled in that land, a Virgin full of Christs sand,
That had beene bathed in that well, that euer after as men tell
Might no venimous worme come therein, by the vertue of that Virgin.
Nor nigh it seauen foté and more, then Beuis was glad therefore.
When he saw the Dragon fell, had no power to come to the well:
Then was he glad without faile, and rested a while for his trauile,
And dranke of the water his fill, and then he leapt out of the well:
And with Morglay his brand, assailed the Dragon I understand:
On the Dragon he stroke so fast, where that he hit the scales brast
The Dragon then fainted sore, and cast vp a gallon and more,
Out of his mouth of venome strong, and on sir Beuis he it flong,
Which was so venemous iwis, that when it was on sir Beuis,
His armour burst at that stound, and he fell dead on the ground,
There was no life in him seene, he lay as a dead man on the greene,
The Dragon smote him without faile, that he turned top and taile,
But therefore he toke no keepe, he lay as a dead man a sleepe,
He smote Beuis as I you tell, till he smote him into the well,
That was of great vertue that time, for it would suffer no venime
Through vertue of that Virgin, that once was bathed therein.
When Beuis was at the ground, the water made him whole and sound,
And quenched all the venom away, this well saued Beuis that day.
When he felt him whole and light, and knew that well of so great might,
Then was he a ioyfull man, he was as fresh as when he began.
He kneled downe in that place, to Jesu Christ he called for grace,
That he would send him might, to slay that Dragon in fight,
Beuis blessed him and forth rode, and leapt out with heart full good,
And Beuis to the Dragon gone is and the Dragon to Beuis,
Long and hard was the fight, betwixt the Dragon and the Knight. (thore,
But euer when Beuis was hurt sore, he went to the well and washed him
He was as whole as any man, and euer as fresh, as when he began.
The Dragon saw he might not availe, beside the well to hold battaile,
He thought he would with some wile, out of that place Beuis beguile,
He would haue flowne then away, e Beuis leapt after with good Morglay,
And hit him vnder the wing, as he began to take his flying.

There he was tender without ſcale, then Beuis thought to be his bale,
He ſmote after him as I you ſay, with his ſword good Mozglay,
Up to the hilts Mozglay yod, through heart, liuer, bone and blod.
To the ground fell the Dragon, great ioy then ſir Beuis began:
Under the ſcales all on hight, he ſmote his head forth right,
And put it vpon a ſpeare, and away he did it beare.
He went to Coleyne that tide, with great ioy and much pride.
When they of the citie ſaw Beuis come with the Dragons head ſwis,
All the bels they began to ring, prieſts and clarkes then did ſing,
And brought Beuis into the towne, with great ioy and renowne.
Then was Beuis name in honour, euery man did him fauour.
In euery land is ſpred, ſir Beuis price and land.
Glad was the Biſhop tho, that ſir Beuis had borne him ſo.

Beuis did goe vpon a day, to the Biſhop where he lay,
And ſaid what is your réde ſir, I would goe to reuenge my father,
Of that wicked fellon, that ſlew him by treaſon,
If I might by any gin, my heritage againe to win?
And ſir you are my fathers brother, and ſir Sabere is another,
Of you two I muſt haue counſaile, for ſurely I will him aſſaile.
Sir ſaid the Biſhop anone right, ſir Sabere is a doubtie knight.
For euery yére on a day certaine, he fighteth thy ſtepfather againe,
With a great baronage, for to win thy heritage,
I will thée finde at my coſtage, an hundred men with my wage,
And goe to Sabere thy vncle right, he liues in the ile of Wight.
Sir he ſaid, I thanke you truely, but let theſe men be ſone ready.
Sir Beuis rode forth to Ioſian, and toke his leaue of his lemman,
And ſaid my Lady, I muſt goe, for to wreake me of my foe,
For to win into my hand, all my heritage and my land,
And here ſtill ſhall you be, and Aſcapart ſhall be with thée,
He ſhall haue or I wend, money enough for to ſpend.
Ioſian ſaw it muſt néedes be ſo, ſhe kiſſed him and he forth did goe.
Forth went Beuis with a rout, of hardy men bold and ſtout,
That the Biſhop him gaue, ſo long on the ſea they drane,
Till they came to a towne, but two mile from South-hamptowne,
Then ſaid Beuis to them tho, is here any man that will goe,
Vnto ſir Murdure of Almaine, and ſay there is come an Almaine,
With doughty men not far diſtance, the beſt of the realme of France,

And

And say we be come into this land, for we be given to vnderstand,
There should be great warre and fight, betweene him and another knight:
And we will helpe him in that stour, if he will lend my men armour,
And if he will not doe so, to the other we will goe.
A knight went forth on that message, that noble was of linage.
When he came to the castle gate, the Porter let him in thereat,
And to sir Murdure was he lead, he told to him as Beuis said.
Murdure then was full faine, he rose vp and went them againe,
And brought sir Beuis into the hall, and faire saluted them all.
Beuis was sir Murdures guest, that night he did him feast.
His owne mother without leasing, made sir Beuis great feasting.
Murdure asked what he hight, Gerrard he said I you plight.
Gerrard he said, iwis, this Countesse which here is,
An Earle her had ere I her wed, and gat a childe by her in bed:
When the Earle to death was brought, the youth anone wared nought.
His father was of noble blood, and his mother in all things good.
The boy when he came to age, sold to me his heritage,
He spent his siluer with much blame, and went out of the land for shame:
Now commeth his vncle an hardy knight, that dwelleth in the Ile of Wight,
And challengeth his heritage, with a full bold baronage:
And oftentimes with his great rout, destroyeth my land round about.
This is the cause sir Gerrard, that eyther warre on other so hard.
When sir Murdure had all said, Beuis sate still and was euill apaid,
And thought, Lord whether shall I slo this false traitor ere I goe?
Nay thought Beuis truely, it will turne to villany,
For men might deeme by reason, that I slew him by treason,
It would me blot with cowardise, if I him slay in this wise:
Therefore I will not assaile, I will him slay in plaine battaile.
When Beuis a while had sitten still, sir he said, will you heare my will?
I haue hither company brought, but in armour be they nought:
They might not with armour lead, but it noyed them as they yead,
And few horses iwis haue we, we left them for carrying beyond the sea.
Lend me horse and armour then, for to harneise all my men:
And if you haue shipping so, that we may to the Ile goe,
This night will I line or dye, on him that is your enemis.
And thus within a little while, you shall heare a quaint guile.
Sir Murdure did as he bad, and the men with armour clad,
And ordayned him shipping good, and brought them vnto the flood.

And

And forth they went all by night, till they came to the Ile of Wight.
Sabere out of the castle lay, and heard much noyse and great aray:
And saw a ship to land was dight, with many heads and helmes bright,
And had wonder what they were: but Beuis displayed his banner there,
For to make glad sir Sabere, of his fathers sir Guyes armere:
For many a time there beforne, were those armes in battell borne.
Sabere knew the cognisance, and made then good semblance:
And said, certes I understand, that ponder is Beuis comming to land.
Sabere went thither all in hast, where the ship was made fast:
And welcomd Beuis with ioy and blisse, and eyther the other then did kisse,
And thanked God of his grace, that Beuis was come to that place.
Forth went Beuis and Sabere, with their men without feare:
Beuis told his eame there, how he deceiued his stepfather.
Beuis asked forthwith than, if there were euer a man
The which dare goe I wot, to South-hampton in a bote,
And tell sir Murdure this night, that it was not a French knight,
Neyther that he hight Gerrard, that made with him that forward:
But say, it was Beuis of renowme, right heire of South-hampton:
And say the Countesse is my dame, the diuell giue them both much shame:
And say, he will auenged be, for slaying of his Father sir Guy,
And who so for me will dare this, shall be well regarded iwis.
Vp start a knight with bold visage, which vndertooke the message:
And armed him forthwith full hot, and went sone into a bote:
When he came to the other side, vnto the castle straight he did ride,
And found sir Murdure at his supper, with good semblant and merry cheare.
The knight on his knees him set, and sir Murdure faire then did he greet:
And said, Sir Murdure I doe bring, vnto thee a certaine tiding;
That the knight is not Gerrard, that to day with thee made that forward:
He hight Beuis of South-hampton, he is thy Ladies owne sonne.
I heard him so to Sabere speake, his fathers death he will wreake,
And win he will his heritage, of them that haue done him outrage.
When sir Murdure heard that word, he cast his knife ouer the board,
To haue smitten the messenger, but he failed as you may heare,
And smote his sonne on his brest, that he neuer after spake with priest.
Then rose there a noyse and cry, the messenger then forth did flye,
And thought not good to dwell there long, but out he leapt in the throng:
And smote his horse with his spurres, when he was without the dores.
Fayre and well he gan him dight, till he came to the Ile of Wight,

And

And told sir Beuis and sir Sabere, how Murdure sitting at supper,
His owne sonne for ire slew, Beuis had good game when he it knew,
And gaue the messenger without grudging, forty pound for his tiding.

How a Knight that hight *Miles*, came and wooed *Iosian* and wedded her against her will.

LEt vs of them be still than, and speake we now of Iosian,
That in Colaine dwelled still, where she had not all her will:
There dwelt a Knight that hight Miles, in the land of Colaine that whiles,
On Iosian his loue he cast, and wood her wondrous fast.
But all his speech turned to nought, for nothing could change her thought.
The erle was wroth in his manner, for Iosian made him in great danger,
And in his anger he downe him set, and to Iosian he spake words great:
I shall doe with thée my will, whether it turne to good or ill.
Sir said Iosian thy wrath let be, I dread thée nought at all truely.

For if thou cauſe me to ſmart, I ſkye me in Aſcapart.
Certaine quoth Earle Mile, I ſhall him by ſome manner beguile.
When he ſaw he might not ſpéde, vp he roſe and forth he yéde:
He made a letter to be written right, on this manner it was dight;
From Beuis as a letter would, that Aſcapart come ſhould
Vnto a caſtle in the Ile, lying from Coleyne but a mile.
When Aſcapart heard that ſond, he toke a bat in his hand,
And went forth with the meſſenger, in great haſte till he came there:
When he was well within, the meſſenger knew a quaint gin.
Within he left Aſcapart, and locked the gates to him hard:
He rowed himſelfe to land againe, and told ſir Mile of that traine.
Then had the Earle no dread, but to Iolian againe he yéde:
And ſaid, Lady make now mone, for Aſcapart is from thée gone,
In a caſtle within the ſea, faſt locked ſure is he.
Then was ſhe full ill apaid, and to a meſſenger ſhe ſaid;
Goe thou to ſhip this darke night, and paſſe forth to the Ile of Wight,
And bid ſir Beuis for any thing, come to me without letting,
And he will haue me anone, I pray thée to goe blone:
I ſhall thy reward well pay, doe thy errant without delay.
The meſſenger went forth away, there was no more then to ſay.
And ſir Mile ſone after than, came vnto faire Iolian:
And firſt he would haue lyen her by. Sir ſhe ſaid haue mercy,
For I haue ſworne by God truely, that no man ſhall lye me by,
Although therefore I loſe my life, vntill he wed me to be his wife:
If thou wilt me eſpouſe and wed, thou ſhalt haue me to thy bed.
Gladly my Lady then ſaid he, to morrow ſhall we wedded be:
He kiſſed her anone as his right, and ſent both for Baron and Knight,
That ſhould be of his company, at the wedding for to be:
For he would be wedded priuily, the next morning very early.
On the morrow he forgot nought, but they to the Church were brought:
They early then began to woch, both to board and eke to bed.
When the wedding was all done, by that it was high none,
Earles and Barons were ſone ſet, and rich meate was forth ſet,
There lacked nought certainly, of rich meate and minſtrelſie.
When it drew toward night, a rich ſupper there was dight,
And afterward dérament, as the Lady to chamber went,
Within her bed when as ſhe was, the Earle came and did reioyce,
With Barons a great company, and poſſets made with ſpicery.

When

When they had dranken wine: Sir, said Iosian, and leue mine,
Let no person here be, this night to heare our priuitie,
Neyther Knight, maiden, nor swaine, my selfe shall be your chamberlaine.
He said lemman it shall be so, man and maide he bad out goe:
He shut the doze well and fast, and set him downe at the last.
To haue a curtaine it was law, before the bed she did it drawe:
Then on a girdle without lesing, she made a knot riding:
About his necke she threw it thore, and strangled him without more.
Then on a beame she hanged him hye, and let him hang for his folly.
The night passed in that wise, the Barons gan for to arise,
Some on hunting, & some to the Church, & workmen rose to goe to worke.
The halfe day passed without faile, the barons had of him much mernaile.
Some said let him be still, of Iosian he hath his will.
After when it drew to none, a Baron spake then full soone:
I mernaile how this may be, I will goe to the chamber and se.
He smote the doze then so fast, that it open flew at last:
Arise he said Earle Mile, for thou hast slept a great while,
Thy head aketh I wot well, hast thou nede of a candle?
Nay said she, I vndertake, his head shall neuer more ake:
I haue charmed him for that sore, that his head shall nere ake more:
For I haue vnknit the wedding ponder, you may se him hanging,
He shall neuer woman spill, doe with me whatsoeuer you will.
All they made great sorrow: the nexte day on the morrow
She was iudged berament, in the fire for to be brent.
Without the towne was set a stake, a great fire they did make.
In the Castle lay Ascapart, full heauy euer was his heart,
And had great wonder truely, what the fire should signifie:
He thought in his heart then, that Iosian some woe was in.
In the Castle where he was lockt, a turret he had all to broke:
He was so woe and wood, that he leapt into the flood,
And fast by him chance it did, that a fisher came that tide:
And Ascapart toke his boat in hand, and rowed himselfe vnto the land,
Toward the folke he gan take, Beuis came after and him ouertoke:
And said, theefe where hast thou bene? and where hast thou left my quéene
Sir Beuis, Lord mercy he said, the Earle Mile hath me betraid.
Towards the fire they eyed them blithe, the preest gan Iosian shrine:
Christs blessing haue he among, for that he tarryed by her so long,
When the fire was all ready, in her smocke she stood thereby.

Right as they ſhould her byen, on Arundel Beuis gan ren,
And in his hand good Morglay, and Aſcapart went another way:
And all they about her found, Beuis and he feld to the ground,
There was neyther Knight nor ſwaine, that paſſed away vnſlaine.
And that made the falſe Earle Mile, for his treaſon and his guile.
Beuis toke with him than, both Aſcapart and Ioſian,
And went forth anone right, till he came to the Ile of Wight.
Sir Sabere welcommed with good heart, Beuis, Ioſian and Aſcapart.

How ſir *Beuis* and ſir *Sabere* his eame, ſent their meſſengers farre and wide, for men of armes, to ſuccour them in that tide againſt ſir *Murdure*, that held *Beuis* heritage by treaſon, that was imagined by the wicked woman his mother: and how in the field *Aſcapart* bare *Murdure* and his horſe, maugre of all the hoaſt, into the Caſtle, and how he was ſodden to death in a Cauldron.

Sabere

SAbere and Beuis sent their sond, wide about into euery land,
After right great chiualrie, of stalworth knights plentie,
That they might finde them, both stout and hardy men,
They spared neither siluer nor gold, for the best men haue they would:
Beuis was curteous and free, to euery man in his degree,
There came Earles and Barons iwis, for to succour Sir Beuis.
There came knights, squires and pages, each one had of him good wages,
And rich gifts more and lesse, each man after his doughtinesse,
Therefore each man to him sought, he woke and left what he best thought,
Euer he chose of them the best, that he could finde East or West.
Sir Murdure much sorrow made he, when he saw Beuis hao such a meny,
The Countesse said, dread ye nought, of good counsaile I am bethought,
Ye shall send in certaine, after the power of Almaine,
Also you shall send your sond, after my father into Scotland,
He will come to you readily, with a full great company,
And we may haue many mo, out of England and Wales also,
Wherefore should you dread then, when you haue so many men?
If Beuis se you haue this rout, he will flie away for doubt.
Sir Murdure did by her counsaile, the messenger went without saile,
That afterward without lesing, to hampton came Prince and King,
There came with the King of Scotland, the nomber of seauen thousand,
There came out of Almaine, with sir Morys of Viane
Sixe thousand with helmes bright, all well armed for to fight.
And sir Murdure had also, three thousand men and moe.
Now Lordings said sir Murdure, that came me to succour,
Often ye haue heard speake parde, of the strife betwene Sabere and me,
And now to helpe him for to fight, is come Beuis a noble knight,
Euer I thought he had bene dead, what is therefore your best read?
He threatneth me for to be slaine, and that he will haue his land againe,
A Gyant with him he hath brought, an earthly man semeth he nought,
Neither of flesh nor yet of fell, for he is like the diuell of hell:
Men call him Ascapart throughout, of him forsoth I haue great doubt,
But Lordings he said, arme you well, both with iron and eke with stele,
Though Ascapart be stiffe and sterke, many hands make light worke,
When his boast was armed and dight, they shipped to the ile of Wight,
And all the ile was then besyed, with the power sir Murdure led,
Sir Sabere loked out at a tower, and saw the boast of sir Murdure,
And all haskely downe did goe, for to tell sir Beuis so.

And ſaid, Beuis yow countaile, I trow it would vs auaile,
In this Caſtle to hold vs ſtill, and to defend vs from all ill,
For ſuch an hoaſt as hath Mordure, ſaw I neuer in no floure,
Goe away Sabere ſaid Beuis tho, for if they had as many mo
Againſt vs they haue no might: they haue the wrong and we the right.
Arme you all Beuis gan cry, that we were armed and readily,
And ye ſhall haue ſir Sabere, three thouſand vnder your banner,
And I as many will lea de of doubty men good at neede,
For I will haue the forward, and then he ſaid to Aſcapart,
Thou ſhalt ſtay here truely, with three thouſand men hardy.
When we haue medled a ſtound, and each brought other to ground,
And that the floure is moſt ſtrong, hie thee thither and dwell not long,
For three thouſand of freſh men, good helpe will doe vs then.
Beuis then his horne did blow, that all hismen might him know,
By that blowing ſir Mordure, knew they gathered to the floure.
He ſaid Lordings without faile, now commeth our foe to battaile,
Be ye hardy and ſtout alſo, for we be as many moe.
Two battailes did they make, the King of Scotland did one take,
Sir Mordure the other lad, either of them ten thouſand had.
The firſt that of the Caſtle came out, was ſir Beuis with his rout,
And Sabere with his company, came after full boldly,
Either hoaſt gan other defie, and euery man made him ready.
Sir Moris of Viane, rode faſt ſir Sabere againe,
And Sabere met him iwis, and ſuch a ſtroke he gaue Moris,
That quite away gan he cleaue, from the ſhoulder arme and ſleeue.
Before the preaſe went ſir Beuis, on euery ſide he ſlew iwis,
There might none with him ſtand: that ſaw the King of Scotland.
He preſſed in with his rout, and beſet Beuis round about,
Beuis then would not ſtay, but made roome with Morglay.
He would by no meanes ſtint ſo, till he came the King vnto.
And ſuch a ſtroke he him ſent, that horſe and man to ground went,
But ſuch ſuccour came to him tho, at that time ſir Beuis might not him ſlo.
But ere he was horſed againe, many men Beuis had ſlaine.
Forth preſſed Beuis in the throng, on euery ſide downe he ſlong:
He neuer ſtinted in that ſtour, till he came to ſir Mordure.
Traitor he ſaid with great enuie, turne thee now I thee defie.
When Mordure ſaw he was beſet, he turned his back & would haue fled,
And Beuis ſmote after with good Morglay, but fayled him there, well away.

From

From his backe the stroke fell downe, and hit vpon the sadle croppowne,
And smote a sunder to the ground, horse and sadle both in that stownd:
But there came hastily succour, and horsed againe sir Murdure.
Full boldly then did he abide, the people dyed on euery side.
Beuis rode forth on Arundel, on euery side he did them fell:
Some lay bleeding as a swine, and some began then to pine:
He some their bilages did pare, that men might see their teeth bare,
There went none vnmarkt away, that he might hit with speerglay:
For sore grieued was he, where he had one, they had three.
But Beuis and Sabere bare them so, against one they slew two.
When the throng was thus swart, then forth came Ascapart,
All on sore I you sweare, for there might no horse him beare:
He tooke his staffe in his hand, and slew all that were he fand.
When Ascapart came with his rout, then had sir Murdure great doubt:
For he brought with him then, three thousand fresh men,
And laid on on euery side, and slew all that would abide.
Great pitty men might haue seene, of the murther that there had beene.
Fearefull they were of Ascapart, for he smote sore and hard:
That three thousand they might see dye and downe them in the sea.
Beuis called Ascapart him till, and said, fellow heare my skill.
Looke that you take good heede, to him that rideth on the white steede,
And beare him alive into the tower, for that same is sir Murdure.
Yes said Ascapart tho, we shall thrine him ere we goe.
Ascapart with his staffe, many their deaths did he graffe:
With great strength and much paine, he came to sir Murdure of Almaine,
And all on horse as he sate there, vnder his arme he gan him beare.
Then began Murdures men to hye, to rescue him he should not dye.
The king of Scotland with his rout, belet Ascapart round about.
And then sir Beuis and sir Sabere, came thither with their power,
And slew all that would stand, to the number of three thousand,
And maugre if they had sworne, Murdure was to the castle borne.
The king of Scotland then did fret, when he saw Murdure to the castle set,
And all his men downe smitten, he turned his backe to haue flyen:
Then they would no longer abide, but slew them downe on euery side:
Sir Beuis and sir Sabere, chased them with their power,
So fast followed they, that many fled into the sea,
And they that stood them againe, they were all maimed and slaine:
Some their shanckes by the knee, and some quartered into three:

Some

Some their nose, and some their lip: the King of Scotland had a ship,
And fled away by the west, to the place that liked him best.
Beuis and Sabere turned againe, into the castle glad and faine:
Sir Beuis without any let, made a caudron on fire be set,
Full of pitch and brimstone, a worse death was never none:
When the caudron boyled hard, Murdure was cast into the midward,
That death dyed he truely, for the death of good sir Guy.
Thereof heard the Countesse, that sir Murdure dead was:
She stood above in a tower, so woe she was for sir Murdure,
She leapt downe and broke her necke, I beshrow them that doe it recke.
When sir Beuis the tiding heard, of his mother how she fared,
As sory was he for her, as he was for his fleshfather.
Sone after sir Beuis, came to South-hampton is,
To take possession of his lands, that had beene long out of his hands:
The Burgesses with much pride, to meete sir Beuis gan forth ride,
And brought sir Beuis faire and well, to Hampton to his owne castle.
Of Hampton all the Baronage, came and did Beuis homage.
Then was Beuis glad and faine, that he had his enemies slaine.
Then Beuis the soth is saine, sent to the Bishop of Colaine,
That he would not for any thing, but haue him at his wedding.
When he was thither come, two knights toke Iosian anone,
To Church then they her lead, the Bishop himselfe on the booke read,
And unto Beuis she was wedded blithe, unto the ending of their liue.
Now hath Beuis retonered his state, two children on her he gat,
The first night together they lay; afterward I to you say.
Sabere counsailed him there, to goe to London to King Edgare,
To make him homage as reason would, or his lands he challenge should.
Sir Beuis did after his counsailing, and went forth before the King,
And profered to doe him homage, as it fell to his heritage.
King Edgare asked what he hight, and what he claimed for his right.
Sir he said my name is Beuis, the Earledome of South-hampton mine is,
After my father sir Guy, that was slaine for his Lady,
By sir Murdure of Almaine, and thanked be God he is slaine.
Beuis said the King, I hold me paid, I grant that thou now hast said.
The King his Marshall called nye hand, and said deliuer me thy wand:
For Guy his father was my Marshall, and sir Beuis his sonne so he shall.
The wand to Beuis the King taketh, and his Marshall him maketh.
Beuis is now of great might, beloued both of King and Knight:

Each

Each man both Earle and Baron, loued and dread Beuis of Hampton,
For largely would he spend, and gifts both giue and send
To euery man after his estate: no man had cause him to hate.
He was so courteous and so kinde, that euery man was his friend,
Saue sir Brian of Cornewaile, he hated Beuis without faile,
For Beuis had those offices, that sometime were his.
In summer at Whitsontide, when knights on horseback ride,
A course they made vpon a day, steedes and palfraies to assay,
Which horse that best did runne, three mile the course was then,
Hee that best ride could, should haue forty pound of gould.
Sir Beuis was apaid well, for he trusted in Arundell,
On the morrow when it was light, thether came both Baron and knight,
With faire steedes of much pride, that in that course would ride.
Two knights were stolen before, a large halfe mile and more,
That none of their fellowes wote, Beuis with his spurs smote
On Arundell, to saith the booke, and amid the way he them ouertooke,
He had the course in a while, or they thought he had ride two mile.
Now hath Beuis the price won, through Arundell that well did run.
Wherefore with that and other cattell, he made the castle of Arundell.
The horse was prayed in that place, for both swift and lustie he was.
The Kings sonne and heire, thought the horse good and faire,
And to Beuis then he hied, and prayed him to haue his steede.
He said Beuis for no gould, but aske elle what you would,
At your will you shall it haue, but Arundell doe not you craue,
For any prayer you can pray, my steede I will not giue away.
The Kings sonne when he it saw, that his minde he could not draw,
Without any more fable, he went vnto sir Beuis stable,
He ment the horse for to untie, but when he came somewhat nie,
And Arundell also being hot, with his hinder foote him he smote.
That he droue out his braine, that he lay there dead slaine.
There was dole and much weeping, when tidings came to the king,
Forth with the king vnrament, made to be cald his Parliament,
And began for to ordaine, that sir Beuis should be slaine,
And be drawne with wild beasts, his Barons would not his heasts,
They said that were no skill, but Arundell should be at his will.
For he slew thy sonne so, but naught to Beuis may we doe.
Nay said Beuis for no Castle, will I let slay Arundell.
For he is good euery where, yet had I rather the land for-sweare.

Then ſir Bryan of Cornewall ſaid, ſir this is my counſell and read,
That ye doe one of the two, I aſſent ſaid Beuis tho.
Before you all I giue here, my heritage to ſir Sabere,
Sir Beuis deliuered vp the wand, and there he ſoiſwore England,
A fortnight had he reſpite, to ſpend all in delight,
But if he after might be found, he ſhould be taken and faſt bound.
On this manner they were at one, and to hampton he rode anon,
And there he told his friends thore, of the cauſe both leſſe and more,
It is no bot for vs to mourne, for we may no longer here ſoiourne,
Beuis and Ioſian made all ready, and toke their leaue away to ſerry
Saberes ſonne, that hight Terry, Beuis tooke with him for company.
And Aſcapart that falſe theefe, and through him he had much griefe,
He thought here I doe dwell, and get nothing but trauaile,
But if I might by Termagant, bring Ioſian to Pawbrant,
I ſhould be welcome to the King ſtill, and haue inough at my will,
This Aſcapart falſe was hee, for Beuis was fallen in pouertie,
When a man doth in pouertie fall, few friends meeteth he withall.

How Beuis and faire Ioſian tooke their way into a ſtrange land, and how ſhe trauailed in a Forreſt, and was deliuered of two children, and how Aſcapart that falſe fellon, after her deliuerance came & bare her away, and after that how Beuis came to a great iuſting and turnament and woon the Prize.

Now

NOw Beuis and Iosian forth gan ride, till they came to the forrest side,
And Iosian that was so milde, in that wood trauailed with childe.
Beuis and Terry downe gan light, and with their swords a lodge they digh
And brought Iosian therein, for they could no better ginne.
Sir Beuis gan his seruice proffer, for to helpe her he did offer.
She thanked him, and said nay, for Gods loue hence away,
Goe and play you with Terry, and let me worke and our Lady,
There shall neuer womans priuitie, to man be shewed for me.
Beuis and Terry went forth there, for they would not hir paines beare
And Ascapart toke another way, not farre off he went to stay,
After that Beuis was gone her fro, she was deliuered of children two.
When Ascapart heard that case, that Iosian deliuered was,
To the lodge he went there, and Iosian away did beare,
There might no praiers her borrow, I wonder she died not with sorrow,
For he swore by Termagant, he would lead her to Pambrant.
When Beuis had long tarried, againe to the lodge he him hied:
In the lodge found he no moe, but young children two,
Then wist he not what to say, when he saw Iosian was away.
Alas then said Beuis, Ascapart hath done treason iwis.
Sir Beuis fell downe in a trance, and sir Terry did him vphance.
When Beuis saw no better it would be, a rich mantle then toke he,
And lapped the two children in, for they were some deale of his kin,
No longer then would he abide, he toke the children and forth did ride.
A forster in the wood he met, sir Beuis him saluted and did him grete.
Sir said Beuis to him than, sawest thou ought of such a man
Lead a woman by any way, sir said the forster nay,
Of what profession art thou batcheler? sir said he, I am a forster.
Wilt thou said Beuis, so Christ thee shield, christen here an heathen childe,
But right now it was borne, to some it hath the mother forlorne,
And keepe it but this seauen yere, for ten marke haue it here.
Gladly said the forster tho, he toke the childe and the siluer also,
And said, what shall I call him sir knight? Guy he said, as my father hight.
And when it is seauen yere, of each land doe thou enquire
After Beuis of Hamptowne, my name is so by mycrowne,
And bring the childe vnto me, and well rewarded thou shalt be.
Gladly sir he said iwis, he went his way, and Beuis his.
Forth they rode said the booke, and another man they ouertooke,
And asked what man was he: he said a fisher of theses.

And Beuis with good ſemblant, made with him the ſame couenant,
That he ſhould on this manner, his other ſonne kepe full viii. yeare,
The ſither granted as Beuis ſaid, he toke the child and was well apaid,
After himſelfe in that while, he cheriſhed the child and bight him Pile,
Forth rode Beuis by dale and downe, till he came to the market towne.
Hée toke his Inne as a courteous knight, and ſaft to ſupper he him dight,
At a window Beuis looked out, he ſaw in the ſtrétes all about,
Stréetes trapped faire and bright, Dukes, Earles, and many a knight,
Out of the windowes on euery ſide, armes were hanged faire and wide,
Heralds gan the armes ſone deſcry, and thereof Beuis meruailed greatly.
And asked the beaſt thereof tiding, ſir, he ſaid, heard you nothing
Of the great iuſting that ſhall be, to morrow in this citie?
The Dukes daughter and his heire, ſhe is a maiden good and faire.
Hir father is now were dead, therefore it is giuen her to réde,
A great iuſting for to cris, and he that hath the maſterie,
Shall this maid haue to wed, and the land to guide and lead.
Now ſaid Beuis to Terry, ſhall we aſſay for the Ladye
Yes ſaid Terry God forbid elſe, if it befs as he be tels.
Beuis gaue the man for his tiding, in ſiluer twenty ſhilling.
On the morrow when it was day light, then roſe both baron and knight.
Faire tokens they gan on them threw, whereby the Lady might them
Sir Beuis bare in colours of paint, a red Lyon of Gold rampant. (know,
So forth rode Terry and he, to the iuſting where it ſhould be.
The faire Lady Elinor, ouer the Caſtle lay that houre,
And the iuſting ſhe beheld, to ſée who did beſt in field.
Then the Knights began to ride, each to other on euery ſide,
And Beuis rode firſt againe, the Emperors ſonne of Almaine.
To him Beuis bare ſo faſt, that horſe and man to ground he caſt.
The Earle of Florence ſtoutely then, againſt Beuis in haſt ranne,
And Beuis met him in the field, and hit him amid the ſhield,
That two yards broad and more, he caſt him from his horſe thore.
Then came forth Duke Anthony, who was Duke of Burgony.
Hé was ſtrong and of great price, and thus he ſaid to ſir Beuis,
Turne the here and make defence, I will auenge the Earle Florence,
Then Beuis would no longer abide, but ſmote Arundell vnder the ſide,
Each to other then drowe, that their ſpeares all to rowe.
But ſir Beuis ſo hard him thruſt, that his ſhoulder bone he burſt.

Therefore

Therefore he was agréeued sore, for that he might iust no more.
And then rode forth sir Terry, to the Kings brother of Hungary,
And gaue him such a rebowne, that horse and man then fell downe,
Then came the Earle Hamant, and to Terry made assent,
Terry hit him amids the shield, and bare him quite into the field,
There was no Knight verily, that might iust with Beuis and Terry.
Full wearily the other fought, but sir Beuis spared them nought.
The steward of that land, sir Beuis cast on the sand,
And that reioyced faire Elinor, for the boast he made before,
And many Beuis bare throughout, so that they were in great doubt,
They stinted not till it was night, that they wanted the day light,
Then they ceased their tilting: on the morow they heard tiding,
That all the praise and renowne, was giuen to Beuis of Hamptowne,
Dame Elinor would not blin, till Beuis came the Court within,
Shée said, sir by my counsaile, you shall wed me without faile,
Each to other for tearme of life, nay, said Beuis I haue a wife,
Hée told how she was taken away, through treason, as I to you say,
And for her he was full wo: now she said sith it is so,
You shall all this seauen yéere, be my Lordin cleane manner,
And if you finde her not by than, I will thée haue before any man,
And the next to thée truely, is this good Knight sir Terry,
And if this may stand thée in stéede, I grant said Beuis to this déede.
And thus was he her gouerner and rul'd the land in great honour.
As Sabere slept in his bed, he dreamt that Beuis was ill bested,
Through Ascapart his swaine, fearing he had sir Beuis slaine.
When he awaked his heart was cold, his dreame vnto his wife he told
Sir, she said, as I wéene, Beuis is brought into some téene,
For as I trow by my life, hée hath lost either childe or wife,
Through Ascapart that false théefe, surely Beuis is in some gréefe.
I shall him séeke said Sabere, twelue Knights he did attire,
In Palmers wéedes then anon, they were armed euery one,
In rich armour sure and well, made of Iron and of stéele.
Forth they went more and lesse, till they came to heatheuesse.
When Iosian was nigh Mambrant, she then began to lament.
Shée met Sabere in the visage, and said Palmers in her language,
I pray thée of succour and read, vnlesse you helpe I am but dead.
Certes Iosian said Sabere, it liketh me that you be here.
For of you Madam verament, I shall make Beuis a present,

He was agrieued at Aſcapart, and aſſailed him full hard.
They him beſet on euery ſide, but none could his dints abide,
For his ſtrokes they all did ſhun, and againe as knights anone,
They ſtroke ſharpe and ſore, ſometimes here and ſometimes thore.
And as he ſmote after a knight, Sabere ran to him full right,
And with his ſword without doubt, he thrust Aſcapart throughout
That he fell dead on the ground, glad was Ioſian in that ſtound.
Sir Sabere tooke Ioſian, that was as white as any ſwan.
Her body that was faire and gent, he noynted with an oyntment,
And made her yellow and greene, that was ſo faire and cheene,
That no man ſhould her know, therefore he diſcoloured ſo.
For ſir Beuis they then ſought, but tidings of him heard they nought,
That will be found, found will be, on a day they went through the citie,
And led Ioſian to her Inne, and he went forth ſome meat to win.
Sabere went to the Caſtle gate, and met his ſonne Terry thereat.
He prayed him in the honour of god, that he would giue him ſome god,
Terry beheld him as blinde, and ſaid Palmer as I may thriue,
There ſhall be no meat for thée to déere, for thou art like my father Sabere.
Sabere ſaid he, by Gods grace, ſo my mother ſaid I was.
When Terry ſaw that it was he, he ran to him with heart frée,
And kiſſed him, and asked father, what made you come hither?
Sabere ſaid, ſonne thou ſhalt ſée, what thing I haue brought with me.
Forth they went without feare, till they came to the Inne of Sabere,
Then Sabere and Terry with good intent, waſhed away the oyntment,
Faire and well they her dight, and brought her to the Caſtle right,
And tooke her then to Beuis hand, there was not ſo welcome a preſent in the land.
There came the Fiſher and the Foſter, with two thirteen cleare:
For they held Beuis couenant right, he made each of them a knight,
And then wedded good ſir Terry, of that land to a faire Lady.
There was a great feaſt twis, on euery ſide was ioy and bliſſe.

HEre beginneth a new tiding, of King Iour and Ermine King,
Betwéene them they battaile make, and all was for Ioſians ſake.
A Palmer told Beuis thereof tiding, and ſir Beuis thither hying,
Went after men of chiualrie, doubty knights and full hardy,
That he had well knowne before, and all they to him ſwore.
When Beuis had gathered his company, he tooke his leaue of Terry.
And Terry proffered with him to goe, but Beuis ſaid it ſhould not be ſo.

Sabere

Sabere thy father shall wend with me, if I haue néede I shal send for thée,
Guy and Beuis to horse gan dight, with staleworth swords for to fight.
And Beuis with all his company, went forth to Armony.
Of his comming the King was blith, and reioyced a hundreth fith.
And said if thou wilt forgiue me, I will be christned for loue of thée.
On that couenant he gaue a kisse, that they might be accorded iwis,
Without any other doome, Beuis then sent to the Bishop of Rome,
That they should send a Clearke good, Sabere them bishopped or he yood,
That they might with cléere Clargie, Christen the land of Armony,
For the Kings grant they had, the Bishop it heard and he was glad,
And hath sent after his saw, Clarkes that were wise in law
They christened Ermin with their hand, and then all the people of his land
In many a place Beuis gan worch, Abbies to make and many a Church,
So was the land of Armony, through Beuis christened truely,
King Iour heard of this sand, that Beuis was come into that land.
A great hoast made he tho, fortie thousand Sarasines and mo,
And to Armony went he then, and there began to rob and bren,
When Beuis heard that he was come, a great hoast they prouided anon,
And rode King Iour againe, with all his power, might, and maine,
It was a faire sight for them that beheld, when both parties met in ẏ field,
The field shone wondrous bright, with bassenets that were light.
But soone after they were other, when both the hoasts were together,
On both parts the storie sayes, they shot arrowes with bow turkaies,
With halberts and bils they did fight, as long as they stand might.
And arrowes were there great plenty, one hoast could hardly another sée,
With swords bright that well could bite, each man gan other for to smite,
When they had handled both the same, there was earnest and no game,
Ane Beuis with Morglay stirred so, that all he hit he smote in two.
The Sarasines gan Beuis to desie, and came thick about him readilie,
Therewith he was well apaid, and as they came he downe them laid,
So many he slew in that fight, that to his stirop they lay vpright.
Hée rode forth when he them left, and there he slew as many eft.
Sabere his eame thought he was old, he shewed he was strong and bold,
Hée slew before him ten and twelue, till he came to the King himselfe,
And then maugre of Mahound, hée bare the King downe to the ground,
The Sarasines followed on a heape to king Iour gan they leap.
And with force horsed him againe, and all at once on Sabere they laine,
Beuis saw Sabere was in doubt, he pressed forth among the rout,

And

And reſcued him in that ſtoure, and himſelfe went to king Iour,
And led him forth all with force, then betoke ſir Sabere his horſe.
Into the towne they did him bring, and preſented Iour vnto the King,
Sabere led him full quicke, the Saraſines followed full thicke,
But ſuch ſtrokes gaue Beuis, that king Iour away led is.
For any thing they might doe: and when they ſaw that it was ſo,
They would no longer there abide, Beuis and his men did after ride.
And made on them ſo hard a chaſe, that ten thouſand ſlaine there was,
Many a dead knight in that field, were ſéene dead vnder their ſhield,
And many a Saraſine that day, with deaths wound went away,
Many ſtædes men might ſée, without maiſters away flie.
And Saraſines men might heare, curſe Mahound, they had ſuch feare,
When they had made that chaſe, they returned with great ſolace,
And ſir Beuis right anon, made caſt king Iour into priſon.
Then King Iour Beuis prayed, that his ranſome might be paied
And for a ranſome giue he would, twentie tunnes of red gould.
And thrée hundred weight of ſilke, as many ſtædes as white as milke,
And thrée hundred cups of gold fine, and as many of muſculine.
All this ranſome I ſhall thée giue, if thou now wilt let me liue.
Let thy ſeruant it bring, and I will ſaue thy life ſir King,
For ſo much I dread not thée, but for this treaſure thou ſhalt goe frée,
Then was King Iour full faine, and ſent vnto his Chamberlaine,
And he brought it without delay, and for his king he did it pay.

OF King Iour now let bée, and of King Ermine ſpeake wée,
What ſhould paſſe out of this life, and ſent after his ſonne blithe,
For Guy was Beuis eldeſt ſonne, vpon his head he ſet the crowne,
And made him King of Armony: and ſone after full ſhortly
Dyed King Ermine the beſt, in heauen might his ſoule reſt.
Vnto ſir Beuis came Sabere, and tooke his leaue home to fare.
To England would he goe blithe, to his children and his wife.
Beuis bad him tarry be-ſament, Sabere would not but home went,
Now is King Iour in Pambrant, and doth ſweare by Termagant,
That he would him well aduance, that might by any chance
Get Arundell with ſome treaſon, from ſir Beuis of South-hampton,
For if we Arundell ſteale, I trow men might with Beuis deale,
There was a théefe hight Robyan, a quaint knaue and falſe felon,
He tooke on him the maſtry, and went forth to Armony,

With his charmes and his craft, of Arundel Beuis he bereft,
And brought him into the tower, and presented him to King Iour.
Then was he well apaid, that Beuis was thus betraide,
Woe was Beuis with to say, when he missed Arundell away.
As Sabere slept at night tide, he thought he saw Beuis ride,
And Arundell downe him cast, that two of his ribs were brast:
When he awaked he was afraid, unto his wife the dreame he said.
Sir, said she, ye doe wrong, yée dwell from Beuis all to long:
By him that was of Mary borne, I trow his horse he hath forlorne.
Then Sabere for Beuis sake, staffe and scrip began to take:
He went forth with good semblant, untill he came to Pambrant,
Thither he went for to spie, and left the land of Armony.
Sir Sabere came by a riuer, where men did beasts water,
Where he saw as he abode, on Arundell how Robion rod:
Sabere said by heauen King, true is now my dreaming:
Fellow he said so Christ me réde, that same is a faire stéde,
He is well brested without doubt: good fellow turne thée about.
And as he turned there, by behinde leapt sir Sabere,
And slew the théefe Robion with the end of his truncheon:
He would no longer there abide, the Saracines forth ran that tide,
And to the King they did tell, how one had gotten Arundell.
Then rose the cry in the citie, that men should after him hye:
They rode after fast in band, to the number of thrée thousand,
And full narrowly him beset, Iosian stood in a turret:
All the skirmish beheld she well, and one riding on Arundell:
Unto the hall she hyed downe, and said, sir without the towne
Commeth one riding on your stéede, and surely he is in great dreed:
He is beset without doubt, with men of armes a great rout.
Iesus said Beuis a while him sane, and succour shall he some haue.
First on horse was sir Guy, his brother Miles and sir Terry,
And eke sir Beuis hyed he, with all the knights of that Citie:
He hyed him fast in that stour, and brought Sabere good succour,
And slew the Saracines downe right, that none fro them scape might.
God game there was to be séene, how they lay sprawling on the gréene.

TIdings came to King Iour, that his men were slaine in that stour:
He made to send hastily, after his brother King of Surry,
And told him how his men were dead, and asked his counsell and read.

I ſhall thée tell quoth Bradwin, thou art holden a noble Sarazin,
In Pavy or in heathenneſſe, is none to thée for doughtineſſe:
Therefore I counſaile you ſo, yée end the battaile betweéne you two,
And make ready thy ſanchowne, and make ſacrifice to Mahound,
That he may ſend thée the vpper hand: and then as I well vnderſtand
Thou wilt a conqueroure be, and we will wend all with thée,
And ſtand with thée we will the while, and helpe thée in all thy perill.
Now ſaid King Iour I aſſent, and then ſpéedily forth they went,
And made Mahound ſacrifice, with all the Sarazines that were wiſe:
And they prayed without miſſe, their king might be ſaued from Beuis.
When the king had ſo done, to armes him he went full ſone:
And went forth to Armony, with thrée thouſand men right hardy.
Sone had Beuis tidings then, of King Iour and his men:
He toke with him his ſonnes two, Sabere and Terry and other mo,
And rode King Iour againe: when Iour ſaw Beuis he was faine:
And ſaid Beuis I vnderſtand, wherefore ye came into this land:
Firſt ye deceiued me of my wife, and bereft my men of life,
Therefore I haue taken counſaile, betweéne vs two to end the battaile:
If you me ſlay by Termagant, I grant to thée the land of Wambiant,
And if I ſlay thée manfully, wilt thou grant mée the land of Armony?
Beuis granted as he would, and vndertooke the battaile bold.
Into a place they then gan riue, incloſed with water on euery ſide:
They drew their ſwords haſtily, and rode together with great enuie,
Their ſhields were bruiſed that they bare, their helmes craſed their browes
Then they fought another way, and Beuis hit Iour with Morglay, (tare.
That his helme he did downe pare, there men might ſée his head bare,
And a quarter of his ſhield fell downe into the field:
Horſe and man he downe gan driue, and both fell to the ground that bliue.
Vp leapt King Iour and ſtood, and cryed on Mahound as he were wood:
And ſmote at Beuis with his ſanchon, then Beuis off Arundel lighted down,
And right as Beuis was downe lighting, Iour him ſmote without léeſing
Aboue ſir Beuis helme on hye, that the creſt downe did lye,
And bruſed the helme in ſunder, ſir Beuis kneeled, and that was wonder.
Sir Beuis then was grieued ſore, vp he lept without any more,
And gaue King Iour ſuch a clout, he neuer roſe without doubt.
The Sarazins were woe that ſtound, when they ſaw their king on ground
That he could neither riſe nor goe, therefore they were full ſory and woe:
The other people would haue fled, but Guy and Miles in that ſtéd,

Slew

Slew them more and lesse, or they might the water passe:
And some they drencht in the flood, there was none quicke away past.
Sir Beuis then with policie, toke King Iours armory,
And made them it on him throw, that no man might from Iour him know:
A greater power with him went, then came from the Citie of Pambrant.
When they within the tower, saw the comming of King Iour,
All they were glad and faine, and opened the gates againe:
And Beuis to the Citie gan ride, with great ioy and much pride:
And through that quaint gin, that rich Citie he did win,
And made them all become his men, and did him homage then:
And then cursed their Mawmetry, and beléeued in God verily,
And he that would not doe so, immediately he did him slo.

NOw is Beuis king of that land, that sometime king Iour had in hand.
Iosian that was bright and shéene, twise thereof hath béene Quéene.
Beuis and Sabere upon a day, with Hawkes and Hounds went to play:
As they came by a riuer, some they spyed a messenger.
He asked them after a Knight, that sir Sabere was by right.
Anon sir Sabere gan forth spring, and said, Messenger what tiding?
Sir he said, Edgare our King, through his Stewards counselling,
He hath disinherited thine heire: certes said Sabere that is not faire.
He rode to Beuis and told him so, and asked him leaue for to goe.
Beuis said vnto sir Sabere, I will also goe with you thither,
With Iosian, Miles, and sir Guy, and thy sonne sir Terry.
Thereof was sir Sabere glad, for great power with him he had:
And so went forth to England, with men of armes tenne thousand,
And sailed to South-hampton, with many Knights of renowne.
Saberes wife and Robert his heire, welcomed them all full faire:
And gaue them to vnderstand, how all sir Saberes land
The King areched without faile, through sir Brians counsaile.
He saith he may take them away, for Arundel his sonne did slay.
Then said Beuis by God on line, we will hie thither blime.
Beuis rode forth with little boast, at Putneth he left his hoast:
It is from London miles three, where he left his company.
And rode himselfe to London, saue twelue Knights all alone.
Then he went to King Edgare, and asked him in what manner,
He had disinherited sir Sabere, and his sonne that was his heire,
I deliuered him mine heritage, here before your Baronage.

The King ſaid to him right ſoone, ſir Beuis if ought be miſ done,
It ſhall be amended in a Parliament, with Earles and Barons aſſent.
All the Lords that were there, to ſir Beuis made good cheare,
Saue ſir Brian, a ſcole him befall, he was the moſt foe of all.
Sir, ſaid Brian to the King, is not this a wondrous thing,
That this fore-banished ſwaine, is come into England againe:
Yé ought him to hang and draw, as a traitor againſt the law.
The King would pardon ſir Beuis, but the ſteward againſt it is.
Beuis was both wroth and wod, and anſwered neyther ill nor god:
He toke his lodging in the towne, and to his meate did ſit him downe.
Then ſir Brian forth went he, and made a cry through the Citie,
All thoſe that armes might beare, and fight with ſhield or ſpeare,
That they ſhould arme them anone, to auenge the Kings ſonne.
Then were the gates lockt, windowes and dores faſt ſtopt,
Chaines drawne in euery ſtréet, to let ſir Beuis pas may wéet.
When Beuis heard that treaſon, vp he leapt like a Lyon,
Full ſoone he armed him tho, and bad his men for to goe
Vnto Putneth ſome priuie way, and to my ſonnes doe you ſay,
That they bye them hither blyue, if they will haue me on liue:
For while I fight here without, you may goe boyd of doubt.
Beuis leapt on Arundell, he had no longer time to dwell.
The firſt he met without faile, was ſir Brian of Cornewale,
He had with him a great rout, and beſet Beuis round about:
And then ſir Beuis ſaid to Brian, turne thée as thou art a man,
Thou art an old knight of warre, Brian to him bare a ſpeare,
So hard it to Beuis he drone, that the ſhield he all to roue.
Then he chafed when he beheld, how the ſteward broke his ſhield.
Now ſaid Beuis will I ſmite, and begin that déede to quite.
He ſmote Arundell vnder the ſide, and with Morglay in that tide,
He hit ſir Brian on the crowne, and to the ſaddle clone him downe.
Beuis ſtirred him in that ſtound, two hundred men he caſt to ground.
He rode forth to Broad-ſtréet, many Lumbards did he méet,
They aſſailed Beuis wondrous faſt, on euery ſide he downe them caſt.
Beuis had béene in many a land, and many battailes had in hand,
Yet was he neuer ſo woe a man, in any battaile as he was than.
But he defended himſelfe full well, and many of them he did fell,
On euery ſide downe them he caſt, and did ride among them faſt,
Till he came to the Cheape, where he found them on a heape.

Then

Then againe began the fight, betwéene the citty and the knight,
Beuis said with milde moode, to the folke that there stood.
I réede that ye vnlocke the gate, and let me out thereat,
For if I die here within, little credit shall you win,
All against him did they crie, yéeld thée Beuis, or thou shalt die,
Beuis fought as he were wood, and bathed Morglay in their blood.
Six hundred men he cast to ground, and had neyther wen nor wound,
But much blood of that man, through sweat of his body came.
When it drew towards night, the people were still ready to fight,
Then began Arundell his stéede, to helpe his master at his néede,
By twentie foote on each side durst no man that horse abide,
So long lasted then that fight, betwéene them all a summers night.
Sir Beuis knights had good passage, and to Putneth brought the message.
That Beuis sons should hie them bliue, if they would haue their father on
When Iosian heard them speake of Beuis, in a sowne she fell iwis, (liue
Sir Miles her sonne and sir Guy tooke her vp presently,
Sonnes she said what is your réede? for certes your father is dead,
The best réede that I can, is to slay euery man.
Nay said Miles we will not doe so, but to our father we will goe,
And bring him good succour, if he be liuing in that stoure,
And then if he slaine be, we will be auenged truely,
We will destroy all that citty, soone they were all ready,
Sir Guy bestrid Arum bright, he was not heauie but full light.
And a noble sword gan he take, that was sir Lancelots du Lake,
Sir Beuis with his owne hand, wan it in the holy land.
Miles had Arundell in his hand, that sometimes ought Rouland,
His horse was as swift as any swallow, there might no horse him follow,
Botes toke they that tide, and ouer the Thames gan ride,
And brought with them to the Citty, ten thousand knights frée.
They came to the waters side, with much ioy and great pride,
At Ludgate they began ariue, where they found Beuis aliue,
Certes Lordings I to you say, by that sprang the light of the day.
Beuis was so weary in that fight, that he could not sit vpright.
There dwelt a Lumbard in the towne, a doughtie man of great renowne,
And he gathered a great hoast, and rode forth with great boast.
And in his hand a good fauchowne, that was made of stéele browne,
And forth he pricked to sir Beuis, and said, wilt thou aske no trewis?
And than anon with his fauchowne, he hit Beuis vpon the crowne.

Beuis for faintneſſe laid him low, and leaned him vpon his ſaddle bow,
That ſaw Beuis his ſonne ſir Guy, and gan pricke with great enuie,
With his ſword drawne in his hand, and to the Lumbard ſent his ſand
So hard on his head he it ſet, that through helme and burgonet,
Man and horſe in that ſtound, he ſmote aſunder to the ground,
The point on the pauement gent, that the fire out went.
At that ſtroke ſir Beuis lought, for it comfort to him brought.
Ye thanked God omnipotent, that him helpe from heauen ſent.
Arundell for ioy nighed right, and helped Beuis for to fight.
Sir Beuis turned in that whiles, and ſaw his other ſonne ſir Miles,
Come pricking with a great rout, of armed men him about.
He neuer néeded to ſéeke léech, that ſir Miles might ouer-reach,
Men might heare crownes cracke, when Beuis ſonnes gan ſtrike.
So hard they gan together méete, that the blod ran in euery ſtréete.
So many men were dead, that Cheapeſide was of blod red.
For there were ſlaine as I vnderſtand, to the number of thirtie thouſand.
Through the falſe ſtewards read, and yet he was firſt dead.
It is true without léeſing, of falſehod commeth no good ending.
In euery ſtréete men might ſée, men in great paine to die,
Heads quartered cloſe by the eyes, ſhankes cut off by the knées.
Hands and armes both cut off, heads and helmes tumbling aloft,
Dead bodies quartered in thrée, that it was great pittie to ſée.
When Beuis, his enemies had deſtroyed, vnto Putnetb he him hied.
Ioſian was neuer ſo faine, as when ſhe ſaw Beuis againe.
Beuis toke Ioſian full ſone, and to South-hamptowne came anone,
There he thought without faile, to abide the king battaile.

How the King tooke truce with Beuis, and wedded his daughter to Miles, and made him Lord of Cornewale, that which longed to Sir Brian the Kings ſteward, whom Beuis ſlew in the Citie of London.

Tidings

Tydings came to King Edgare, of the fighting that was there.
King Edgare then did full right, and sent after Baron and Knight:
And said, by my Stewards read, many of my men are dead:
I am now an old man, and Beuis much of warre can,
He came hither from farre, with great power on me to warre:
Two sonnes he hath brought: how to agrée I take great thought:
Miles shall wed my daughter frée, and so our strife allwayes shall be,
He shall be Earle of Cornewale, that was sir Brians without faile.
All they counselled him so, a messenger the King sent tho
To Beuis of South-hampton, and bad him come to London,
I will it be ordained so, to make a league betwéne vs two:

Miles

Miles shall wed my daughter frée, and Earle of Cornewale shall he be.
Beuis is to London come, the wedding was presently begun:
The Lady to the Church was led, and to sir Miles she was wed,
The King gaue him in spousaile, the Earledome of Cornewale,
There was mirth at their spousing, turnament and great iusting:
At the spousaile in that manner, the King and Beuis sate full neare.
Now would Beuis home wend, he tooke his leaue of the King his friend,
And the Lords there that whiles, and also of his sonne sir Miles:
He betooke his sonne to sir Sabere, that he should him teach and leare.
Beuis is gone and sir Guy, Iosian and eke sir Terry.
Unto Mambrant he did fare, and seauen yeare he liued there:
Then waxed Iosian sicke and lay, and Beuis also to you I say,
Bishops and Fryers came bliue, Beuis and Iosian for to shriue.
When Beuis and Iosian the good, were humbled vnto God in mood,
Each turned to other without boast, and both they yéelded vp the ghost.
Much sorrow made sir Guy, but it was no boote truely,
For we must all be dead iwis, when that Christs will is.
Sir Guy to the stable their went he, Arundell his horse for to sée,
When he came there he found no read, for Arundell was also dead:
Sir Guy thought meruaile the sooth to say, that all they dyed vpon a day.
Sir Guy did ordaine and make, for Beuis and Iosians sake.
A place of religion and price, to sing for Iosian and Beuis,
And tombed them together there, King and Quéene as they were,
Iesu Christ in Trinitie, on their soules haue mercy.
Thus endeth Beuis of Hampton, Knight and King of great renowne:
And they that heare this talking, Iesu grant them good ending.
And bring vs all to heauenly blisse, that euer shall last and neuer misse,
Unto blisse bring vs he, that for vs dyed vpon the trée.

FINIS.

14 MY 1902